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National Maritime Museum

The 150th anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar occurs on October 21: detail from a contemporary aquatint by T. Hellyer, showing H.M.S. *Victory* second from the right

The Reith Lectures—I:

The Englishness of English Art. By Nikolaus Pevsner

(see page 643)



PROGRESS IN ELECTRONICS

and debated not on its technical qualities, but on its value as an entertainment and its influence on our culture.

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The Listener

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The Economic Race with Communism

PETER WILES on the success of Soviet industry*

IT is a great mistake to compare economic systems, only, or even mainly, by the justice or injustice with which they distribute wealth among individuals and classes; by their adaptability to consumer demand or their economic 'rationality'; or by the political and social relationships to which they give rise. The most important criterion is coarser, more materialistic, and much less sophisticated: how much does each economic system produce per head? For the principal object, after all, of economic activity is to satisfy human wants; and these being almost limitless, the best way to satisfy them is to produce a great deal of everything.

Perhaps the most important fact in all modern economics is that the rate of growth of productivity is higher in the Soviet Union than in any important free country at the period of its maximum development, let alone now. That is, whether we take roughly comparable circumstances or the present circumstances, the Soviet superiority remains. The best performance by a large non-communist economy for a long period together appears to be that of Japan: between 1912 and 1937 she grew by about 3 per cent. per annum. The Soviet economy grew by about 5½ per cent. per annum before the war and by about 7½ per cent. since 1948. For mining and manufacturing alone—and this sector usually outstrips all others in any economy—the figures are: Japan 7 per cent., U.S.S.R. 12 per cent.

We see that the overwhelming communist superiority in industry alone leads to a great overall superiority (in the whole national income). The effect of compound interest is very great over a few decades. Thus, growing 3 per cent. per annum faster than the United States, the U.S.S.R. could catch up from a starting point of half the United States national income per head in twenty-three years.

What are the causes of this superiority? Nothing comforting to the anti-communist. It is not just because the satellites have been exploited: their own economies are expanding at an almost equal rate, and Soviet exploitation here is offset by Soviet subsidies to China. In any case this would not explain pre-war Soviet growth. Again it is not that, technically stagnant until well into the twentieth century, the Soviet economy has only had to apply methods known elsewhere to cover in one easy technical leap a century of hard-won western progress. For such a leap is beset with every social and economic difficulty: all backward economies stand equally at the brink of it, but only those under communist rule have achieved it.

The reasons for communist industrial progress are to be sought in communist industrial efficiency. First, there is the planning system itself: targets are set, in physical or financial terms, which each Ministry, trust, factory, and individual worker must beat. The targets are raised year by year, and the obligation to beat them has quasi-legal force. This is the principal aim and result of the whole planning system. Nor, secondly, does the legal stick exclude the monetary carrot. Taxes are not highly progressive: the highest marginal rate of income tax is only 13 per cent., and direct taxes fall most heavily on food, not manufactured luxuries. Then, thirdly, the system of ownership helps efficiency. Factories can, in theory, be combined, processes transferred from one to another, and specialisation and standardisation imposed by mere fiat. There are no obstacles of property law, shareholders' vested interests, etc: all industry is treated as one big trust.

It is a further peculiarity of communism wholly to emasculate its trade unions. The influence exercised by a labour monopoly over wages, hours, conditions of work, apprenticeship, hiring, craft demarcations,

indeed over almost everything, is restrictive. At almost no point can a union raise efficiency: it can at most—with insignificant exceptions in the American garment trades—not hinder it. All these heavy obstacles are swept aside under communism. The union follows mechanically the party line on industrial matters. It loses all bargaining power except in the field of welfare out of working hours (not covered in the factory's plan); it becomes a cheer leader, an organiser of productivity and promoter of enthusiasm. If the authorities want the norms raised (that is real wage rates reduced) they get the trade unions to get the workers to propose it 'spontaneously'.

Fifthly, new techniques cannot be resisted by deliberate inertia or wilful ignorance, as so often by trade unions or capitalists in free countries. There is but one authority to be cajoled into experiment, and browbeaten by demonstration. Admittedly this one authority may be frightened and thus suppress a good new method altogether. But the more serious danger in practice is the very slow spread of methods proved correct by the best firms. This danger the system of central direction minimises. Also trade secrets are forbidden: it is sabotage to conceal a technical discovery from the authorities or those whom, in other circumstances, one would call competitors. The inventor is liberally rewarded from state funds, and may not in practice take out a patent. Technical education, too, equals in quality and far surpasses in quantity the best western examples.

A Race, Not a Fight

'Competitors': but, of course, sixthly, there are still competitors, only the object now is not to divert profits from the other man to oneself (and not every measure conducive to this end benefits the community) but to be more efficient and productive than the other man. 'Socialist competition' is not a fight but a race, and greater production is a direct, not an accidental or circuitous, result.

Again, savings are extracted much more successfully from the population by taxes than by lure of interest rates in a free economy. But when the forces and the police have had their due not very much more is left for investment than elsewhere. U.S.S.R. invests a fifth or more, U.S.A. and Great Britain about a sixth, of their net national incomes. It is true that industry gets a much larger share and construction a much smaller share of the capital available than in other countries, so that to some extent Soviet industrial growth is the obverse of the Soviet housing shortage; but this does not remove the Soviet system's superiority in raising capital, nor explain why the whole national income, as opposed to that derived from industry only, has grown faster. Neither is the simple fact that communism can raise more capital in general a wholly sufficient explanation of its superior growth in general; so that we need have no recourse to the various institutional explanations also offered. For the proportion of national income invested is much less than double, while the growth rate is more than double, that of a free economy; and one must remember that there are always diminishing returns to ever greater investment.

Eighth and last is the whole ideology of the movement. Second only to class war, material progress is the criterion of value and the content of history. 'Full communism', history's last stage, is a state of productivity so great that out of the ensuing plenty all men's desires can be satisfied according to need, without money or accounting. Yet this fantastic Utopia is taken very seriously: it is official dogma that the U.S.S.R. is even now moving towards 'full communism', and the speeches of party bigwigs often end in a peroration on this theme. As Christian medieval Europe was building the City of God, so is the U.S.S.R. building material progress.

Experience teaches me that this thesis rouses ugly passions and is easy to misunderstand. First, it connotes no political sympathy with communism whatsoever; merely a certain respect for facts. Next, the rates of Soviet growth here given are not copied from official Soviet data: indeed, they fall far below such claims. Where possible—and this mainly concerns the retail price index—experts rely upon direct foreign observations. Where this is not possible they build up the Soviet national income carefully from its basic constituents, using the most reliable data available in each case. Above all, documents captured by the Germans prove that, at least until the war, the vast bulk of Soviet published figures corresponded precisely with the figures the planners themselves were using. The German documents reveal no falsification or bias in the statistics not already brought to our notice by complaints in official Soviet technical journals.

But what of falsification at lower levels? Suppose the planners were themselves deceived? Soviet managers and accountants very often cook

their books, since if they cannot appear to have achieved the virtues impossible they lose their bonuses, perhaps their jobs, perhaps even their freedom. Sophistical as it may seem, this objection goes to prove beyond any doubt a slight underestimate in the rate of growth. It is clear that in the early chaotic phases of planning, and again in post-war reconstruction, the opportunities and the need to cook books were much greater. Later on, in the late thirties or again today, the banks and the auditors, not to mention the police, were more efficient; and the need to raise one's income by dishonest means was less. So if the extent of falsification probably diminished, the later figures were less exaggerated than the earlier ones, and the true rate of growth is understated.

Growth of Output

Misunderstandings arise, too, because the word 'productivity' may mean either output per man-hour of work or output per head of population. In more recent years the difference, though great, is not overwhelming. Thus, Mr. Colin Clark arrives at a growth of output per man-hour of work of over 4 per cent. per annum in peace-time, while, in my own reckoning, you may remember, was 7½ per cent. per head of population. These are both very formidable figures, and could doubtless with some trouble be reconciled. In earlier years, 1928-37, the difference between the two measures of the rate of growth of productivity is much greater. For in this period, growth was achieved by conscripting into industry the wives of industrial workers and the under-employed peasants from the countryside: a process that certainly raised output per head of the population very fast, but may well have actually lowered the average efficiency of a worker. It should be noted, however, that an economy which can put up enough factories to set such hordes of idle hands to work in so short a time is *ipso facto* efficient. The precise measure of the efficiency of the Soviet industrial system in that earlier period was its capacity to expand the number of factories and mobilise the labour force, in a way that no other backward country has found possible. Now that the surplus hands are absorbed, we perceive the advantage of their longer training and experience, combined with the other advantages of the system which I have set out, are raising production both per man-hour and per head of population at a frightening rate: in a way that no other developed country finds possible.

But take the spate of criticism in the press of this or that organisational shortcoming: socialist competition has been reduced to a farce, and a formality in Stalinabad, managers are extremely slack about introducing new techniques in Stalinogorsk, costs are inflated by nepotism and idleness in Stalino. Surely this shows that the organisation, it is not efficient, on the communists' own admission? I think not. There is one thing these self-criticism campaigns are often deliberately exaggerated, in order to bring people up sharply. For another, self-criticism is precisely one of the system's stimuli. What we see here is the central power actually at work, bringing pressure to bear on the backward enterprises. You can infer the disease from the fact of treatment, not the failure of the doctors from the fact of treatment. It is as if one looked at a free economy and deduced from the number of bankruptcies that it was inefficient. But bankruptcy is precisely the free economy's penalty for inefficiency, and the threat of it makes everyone else better.

Fall in Cost of Living

Then, finally, it is useless to point to the low level of consumption. Consumption is growing, as it happens, very fast. It is no mean achievement, however high the starting-point, to have nearly halved the cost of living since 1947, while slightly raising wages. Consumption is so catastrophically before the war, and is so low today, and may well fail to grow in future, because of the failure of agriculture. It is correct that Tsar Nicholas fed his subjects better than Khrushchev. It is correct that this is largely due to the unpopular and inefficient way in which the communists insist on organising agriculture—and also their predilection for ground-nuts schemes and their refusal to invest large sums in farm buildings, fertilisers, etc.; albeit agricultural productivity, as opposed to production, has grown quite a bit. Manufactured consumer goods, on the other hand, are comparatively cheap and plentiful, and the supply of them grows rapidly. The line between success and failure does not divide investment from consumption, but industry from agriculture; with commerce and building somewhere in between.

Our situation with regard to all this seems to me by no means desperate. Communist industry has no diabolical recipe for success.

that a free democratic country could not swallow. Certainly perfect *laissez-faire* could not generate such growth, but in many respects the communists have gone too far, and we do not need to imitate them precisely. Their governments have much more power than is required for economic growth. It is not nationalisation we need, but state power to rationalise: that is to amalgamate enterprises, to enforce specialisation upon branch factories, to standardise products, to dissolve restrictive cartels and trade associations, and so on. Most of these things occur under private enterprise, only much too rarely and slowly. In my view the whole formal and legal structure of private ownership can and should be maintained; but there should be occasional changes, imposed from above, of management and organisation. In planning, again, what matters is that certain standards of efficiency be enforced, not that this or that particular product be produced or price charged. Indeed, on the contrary, such things should, almost all economists agree, be left to the free market and to the profit motive. A central efficiency audit is a much more practical and less threatening proposition

than a 100 per cent. central plan: yet for economic growth it is much more desirable. Even with trade unionism, some aspects are less deleterious than others. The cherished right to strike for higher wages is a minor nuisance on the whole; it might possibly suffice to do away with the major evils—restrictive practices, apprenticeship conditions, and craft demarcations. For while higher wages affect merely the value of money, restrictions affect the quantity of output. Indeed many American and German trade unions have reached already this comparatively harmless state.

Certainly, then, it is urgent that something be done, lest communist industry out-produce ours. But this is a challenge to our will-power and forms of organisation that we can surely meet. I believe that the political, human and moral costs of communist economic progress can be avoided by good sense and good will. We can also rely upon the superiority of our agriculture, and, if we may lift our eyes from mere economics for a moment, on many other advantages besides. There is no call to wring our hands, but still less to put our heads in the sand.

—Third Programme

The Future of Austria

By KAREL BRUSAK

THE State Treaty restoring an independent and democratic Austria, which was signed on March 15 and came into force on July 27, decreed that all occupation armies must leave the country within ninety days. In actual fact, they had started to leave by the beginning of August. It is to the credit of the Russians that they left first. They spoilt their record by the fact that, during their hurried departure, they loaded on to their wagons and lorries much which did not belong to them, and what they left behind was left in a state of desolation. But the main thing is that today, before the official date, Austria is free and without large detachments of occupation forces.

The various towns have celebrated, or are celebrating, the return to normal life in an independent state in the manner which is customary in this part of Europe (which, throughout the last 1,000 years has experienced many different occupations and liberations), with song, music, and dance, processions and toasts. In western Austria, the celebrations were generally joint affairs between the local citizens and members of the departing occupation forces, and because the western soldiers had mingled freely and friendly with the local people throughout the whole ten years of occupation, the celebrations did not end in an untoward manner. But in Lower Austria and Burgenland, which were occupied by the Soviet forces whose personal relations with the population had been reduced to the minimum, and were not even always cordial, the festivities became popular expressions of joy at the return of liberty; the first truly free demonstrations after seventeen years.

These manifestations have taken place in nearly all the larger towns of the former Soviet zone, and the Viennese people held such a cele-

bration on September 10. The restoration of Austria's independence will be celebrated on a nation-wide scale on October 25, when, according to the Treaty, the time limit for the evacuation of the occupation forces expires. On this day the National Assembly will announce the departure of foreign troops at a special meeting; October 25 will be a red-letter day on which flags are flown, and the President, Dr. Körner, and the

Chancellor, Dr. Raab, will make speeches to the young people of Austria. The Socialists even suggest that all work should stop on this day and that it should be proclaimed the National Day instead of November 12. Further occasions for festivities will be the opening performances at the rebuilt Vienna Opera House and the Burgtheater.

But not even with this rejoicing over the restoration of liberty and independence, which almost borders on intoxication, can the Austrians afford to forget the reality of their international and internal situation. Internationally, the position of Austria is clear. On October

26 the National Council will accept the federal constitutional law (*Bundesverfassungsgesetz*) which has already been sanctioned by Parliament, and Austria will be declared a neutral state for ever.

When speaking to Austrians, to high officials at the Federal Chancellery, industrialists, intellectuals, and workers, one finds that they all take Switzerland as their model. This means, first, not being 'neutralistic' in an opportunist way, but truly neutral; secondly, this means inclination towards the west to which Austria belongs morally, historically, culturally, socially, and economically, and finally, most important of all, to stand on one's own feet economically.

The facts of the State Treaty with Austria are known; for former



The Union Jack being lowered during the ceremony at the Schoenbrunn Barracks, Vienna, on September 17, when the barracks were handed over by the British to the Austrian army

German property, Austria must pay the U.S.S.R. with goods to the value of \$150,000,000 within six years; every year for ten years Austria must send the U.S.S.R. 1,000,000 tons of oil, and for the ships and equipment of the Danube shipping company she had to pay \$2,000,000 in cash. On the other hand, Austria is getting back the oilfields and some further 300 industrial enterprises which were under Soviet management; *i.e.*, as the Austrians say, using the Soviet abbreviation, which belonged to the USIA. She is getting back the Danubian ships and railway wagons, estates and forests in the Burgenland and waste lands scattered over the whole of the former eastern zone where the Soviet soldiers had their firing ranges and parade grounds.

Apart from the oilfields, which the Russians greatly extended, the value of the industrial enterprises is on the whole mediocre; their equipment is out of date and large investments will be necessary. The value of former German property, for which Austria will pay \$150,000,000, is estimated to be only \$40,000,000. It is the same at Burgenland, which has an important timber industry. The Russians did not pay much attention to reafforestation and it will therefore be necessary to reduce felling by 50 per cent. within the next fifteen years, which will cause a loss to the saw mills and timber factories. It is estimated that during the ten years of occupation the Russians made a profit of \$810,000,000 out of Austria. Besides capital investments in industry and help to private owners whose property was destroyed, the state has to pay 4,000,000,000 schillings of compensation to former owners of USIA enterprises and will have to maintain an army of 30,000 to 40,000 men. At the same time, Austria wants to carry out extensive electrification projects, the building of new railways, new autobahns, and dwelling houses.

The state, then, has to bear a great burden but Austrian officials look at the future optimistically. Austria takes third place in Europe in the production of oil; during the first eight months of this year she produced 2,448,000 tons, and production will be increased further. Even after delivering 1,000,000 tons of oil a year to the U.S.S.R., Austria is left with enough to be able to export 1,000,000 tons and to increase her balance of payments by some \$20,000,000. Austria also possesses rich resources of natural gases which can replace coal for domestic use as well as for industrial consumption. But the main task in the near future will be to increase productivity and export.

Because of this need for greater productivity, the standard of living of the Austrian worker will probably remain the same for some time to come. Compared with western Europe, it is not high; since 1938 workers' wages have risen only five to six times but the prices of some basic necessities are up to nine times higher than pre-war. This is to a great extent evened out by the fact that the price of gas, electricity, and rents is only about twice to three times higher than before the war.

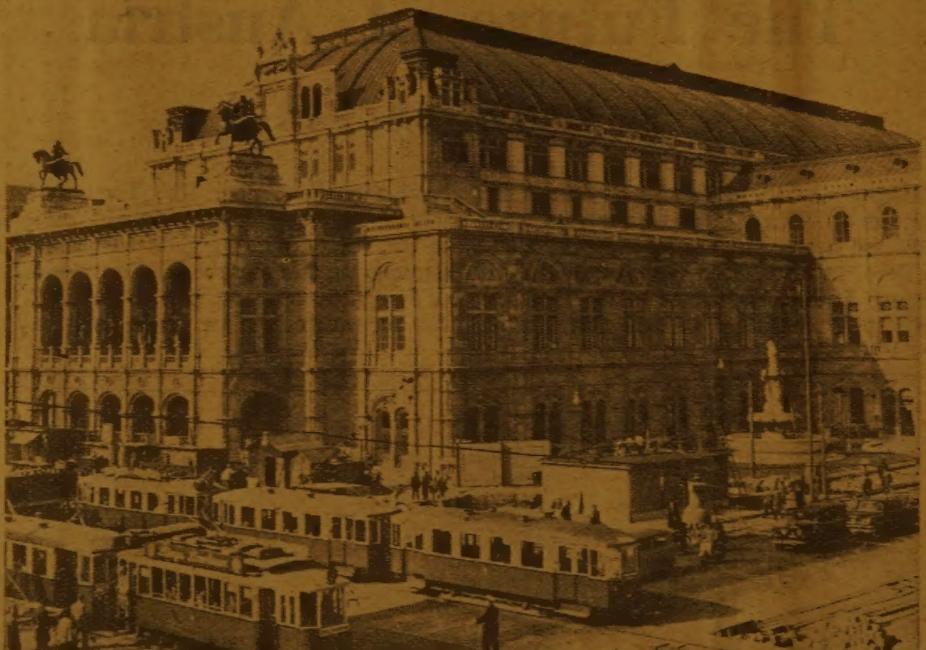
The Austrian export balance is not favourable at the moment. The deficit between imports and exports was 2,980,000,000 schillings for the first eight months of this year. In some fields the situation is good: in optical instruments, cameras, lenses, Austrian exports have risen five times since 1953 and this year they exceed 50,000,000 schillings. But more products of heavy industry will have to be exported, and there neutral Austria counts on an expansion of trade with eastern Europe. Relations have up to now been somewhat one-sided. In July, the imports from eastern Europe amounted to only seven per cent. of the entire Austrian imports. Trade with the people's democracies will now be more selective. There will certainly be no repetition of what happened during the Soviet occupation, for instance, when transformers

were exported to Bulgaria in exchange for Bulgarian cigarettes. In trading with industrial goods and semi-finished products, Czechoslovakia has the best chance of all the people's democracies; and reports that a Consulate with seventy employees will be opened in Linz proves that she is going to seize her opportunity. Already, for instance, Czechoslovak automobiles in Austria are a serious challenge to other countries. The Volkswagen costs 48,000 schillings and a Fiat 42,000; the Czechoslovak Skoda car is sold for 34,000 schillings. In two years time, after the completion of a gigantic Austrian Danube dam, at Ybbs-Persenbeug, Austria will supply Czechoslovakia with electricity during the summer months from her hydro-power stations in exchange for steam from Czechoslovakia's thermal stations in the winter months. Rumania and Hungary are potential suppliers of agricultural products, and here again Hungary is at an advantage because she can offer not only feeding stuffs, in which Austria is not greatly interested, but also pigs. Both states can supply crude paraffin for heating, of which Austria has to import up to 200,000 tons a year.

An important factor in the Austrian balance is the tourist trade. To the Tyrol alone, tourists from western countries this year brought

foreign currency to the value of 900,000,000 schillings and now that the whole of Austria is accessible the tourist trade will increase further. Moreover, after the stabilisation of her international position, private Austrian capital is returning. Last, but not least, a Austrian officials themselves mention gratefully, western subsidy has helped Austria greatly.

For the time being the Austrian national economy is booming. The national income, which went up by ten per cent. during the second quarter, will reach some 100 milliards schillings (about £1,400,000,000) by the end of this year. But Austria has before her two basic problems: the first is social and long-term, and the second political and immediate. In 1953, Austria had 6,958,517 inhabitants, but only 102,866



The rebuilt Vienna Opera House, which will be officially opened on November 5

babies were born. In 1910, there were eight pensioners to every hundred workers, but in 1951, there were twenty-four pensioners to every hundred workers. If this trend were to continue, in twenty years' time the number of working people would fall by 152,000, yet the number of pensioners would increase by 330,000 persons.

The second question is of a political nature, whether the present experiment of joint rule by two major political parties will prove workable or not. Both the People's Democratic Party and the Socialist Party assume that a bad coalition of two parties is better for them and the state than the rule of one party or a coalition of three. That this is a precarious balance is evident just now from the discussions about the future of the USIA enterprises. The Christian Democratic Under-Secretary for the Ministry of Finance, Dr. Bock, expressed the view recently that the state should sell the unprofitable enterprises to private owners; the Socialists advocate nationalisation on a large scale. They point out that much of the heavy industry would have been nationalised already if the Russians had not appropriated it in 1946: for example, the factory for locomotives and wagons at Rax (Raxwerke) belonged formerly to the now nationalised Vienna factory for locomotives (Wiener Lokomotiv-fabrik), and so on. One cannot deny that the Austrian Socialists are right in many respects on the question of nationalisation.

The next few months will be decisive for Austria. It will depend on the statesmanship of both parties, whether the great dream of the Austrian people comes true, and whether in central Europe a prosperous, cultural, self-sufficient, and neutral state of the character of Switzerland will arise.—European Service

Russia's Successful Diplomatic Offensive

By SIR STEPHEN KING-HALL

WE are living in a period of rapid change and unless we blow ourselves to the devil by accident or design with hydrogen bombs, it looks as if perhaps by the end of this century some kind of world government will be taking shape. Indeed if you write down a list of all the effective international organisations, dealing with practical matters such as health, food, the weather, communications, civil aviation, and so on, which existed in 1900, and make another list for 1955, the difference is startling.

This great growth of international machinery is a new thing in history. Mankind is on the move. The tents of the nineteenth century have been struck and the caravan of humanity is on the march. The two great wars were birth pangs of the new world struggling to be born. They were civil wars inside the framework of western civilisation. What are to be the governing principles and practices of the world now being born? Are they to be totalitarian or democratic? That is the greatest question of the day, and I watch and consider all events with regard to whether or not they are favourable to the evolution of a free world.

A Great Realist

In 1945 I talked for an hour with Marshal Stalin; a great realist was the late J. V. Stalin, too much so. He did not understand the importance of emotion. He failed to realise that if one wishes to destroy the democracies, one must not frighten them. Until now 'funk' and fear have been the great catalyst bringing the free nations together. But for Stalin, there would not be Nato. One must give him credit for that.

Stalin's successors have tumbled to that one, so it is caviar and vodka instead of rude words and aggressive behaviour. This new policy, in my view a tactical move, happens to fit in with the present internal problems in Russia.

It is deplorable that our democratic way of life functions at the international level only when we are frightened into using our wits and getting together. We ought to busy ourselves in solving our own problems, such as the unity of Europe; multi-racial societies in African and Asian territories; freeing world trade; helping peoples of under-developed areas, and cultivating that sense of individual social responsibility essential to a Welfare State. We are too much like a family always fussing about what the Russians next door are doing or not doing, when our own garden is full of weeds and there is a smell at the sink.

So watch the way of the world to see whether there are any signs that western civilisation in general is realising its responsibilities both to itself and to those parts of the world which are not yet committed to the communist camp, and whether the people of Great Britain in particular understand that even if we are no longer a great power, we can still be and ought to be a great nation.

Easily Pleased

Last July there was held at Geneva the meeting of the four Heads of States from the U.S.A., Britain, France, and Russia. Most people in the west seem to be pleased with what happened; they were easily pleased. No decisions were taken about the problems which divide the free world from its communist rival. It was agreed that the Foreign Ministers should meet in three months' time and discuss European security and unity, disarmament, and cultural contacts, in that order. In addition 'an atmosphere' was created. The late Ernest Bevin once told me that when he had to conduct a tricky meeting he believed in having a lot of comfortable armchairs round the room. It helped, he said, to create a good atmosphere. He smiled sardonically when I remarked that it also might make people go to sleep.

On October 27 the Foreign Ministers will meet at Geneva to get down to business. What has happened since July? Two things. The atmosphere of relaxation of tension has been maintained. If the Iron Curtain has not been lifted, the stage door at least has been wide open.

There has been a great increase in the exchange of organised visits, naval, medical, agricultural, scientific, sporting, and so on.

The British press and public seem to have been surprised and pleased to find that Russians as individuals are friendly people and want to be friends. I never doubted that this was so. The question that has yet to be answered by deeds is whether the ordinary Russian who wants to be friendly with the west has any influence whatever upon the policies of the Russian Communist Party which happens at the moment to rule Russia.

The other thing which has happened has been an extremely active and I am bound to say successful diplomatic offensive by the Russians in preparation for the meeting at Geneva. Mr. Sweet-Escott has talked of some of them in this series, so I will only catalogue the most important. The Russians announced a reduction in their armed forces; five days later they told the Finns they would give up their base in that country; they got Dr. Adenauer to Moscow and established diplomatic relations with west Germany; they began to release the 10,000 German prisoners they admit they have. The Germans say that this is not ten per cent. of the total. At the same time the Russians have been at great pains to be very agreeable to the east German Communist Government. The object of these activities with both sets of Germans is to create the impression that only one thing prevents a unified Germany and that is the unfortunate fact that west Germany is in Nato and linked to the free world. What does all this amount to? Precious little—if you look into them.

It was whilst he was talking to the east German delegation on September 17 that Mr. Khrushchev said: 'If anyone expects us to forgo the doctrines of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin, he is making a tremendous mistake . . . the star of capitalism is on the wane.' Whether the Welfare State of Britain A.D. 1955 is the sort of capitalism Marx had in mind is a problem I leave to your judgement.

Russia and the Arab States

Finally, during this atmosphere period between the two Geneva meetings, the Russians have startled the Western Powers by doing big business in the explosive Middle East where they are apparently about to sell the Arab States very large quantities of arms and also give them economic assistance. The Foreign Office and State Department are understandably apprehensive about all this, first, because of the oil under the desert sands and, secondly, because it upsets the uneasy balance of power between Israel and the Arab League. In principle the Arab League, led by Egypt, would like to eliminate Israel; in practice the Israelis would die in their boots.

What have we to show as our positive achievements during these three months? I was going to say a rude word until I remembered where I was and also the Persian decision to join the Turkish-Iraq defensive pact. But on the negative side there is plenty. The French are in an unholy mess in North Africa and half their army is over there; we are in a deadlock with the Cypriots, and because of the Enosis question the Greeks and Turks at the eastern end of Nato are not on speaking terms. It is a shocking story little known in Britain. Finally, there is the grave misfortune that at the critical moment President Eisenhower and Dr. Adenauer are ill. No wonder the military chiefs of Nato, disturbed by the persistence with which the Geneva atmosphere clouds like fog the naked realities of these facts, warn us amongst other things that Russia now has the largest submarine fleet the world has known. I was in submarines in the first world war; I can assure you they are not much use for children's parties.

To sum up: all this seems to indicate that the western representatives at Geneva had better be cautious about sitting in armchairs.

—Home Service

A series of Saturday afternoon lectures is to be given at the National Portrait Gallery, London, W.C.2, beginning on October 29. The first will be by Peter Laslett on 'John Locke' and the second by George Rudé (November 5) on 'The Gordon Riots'. The lectures will begin at 3.15 p.m.

The Technique of Post-War Terrorism

By J. B. PERRY ROBINSON

IN the last ten years there have been a great many terrorist movements all over the world—far more than ever before: in Kenya, Cyprus, Malaya, Palestine, Morocco, Tunis, Algeria, to name only a few places. I want here to put together some of the things which characterise these post-war terrorist movements and which differentiate them. I am not concerned with what one might call official terrorism—the terrorism carried on by a government to dragoon its people or a section of them. I am discussing certain contemporary organised movements whose aim is to get power and who use the method of public intimidation to get it.

Two Main Types

Roughly speaking, it seems possible to define two main types in the terrorist campaigns since the war. The first is the terrorism of a dissident minority at war with law and order. This kind generally operates in the countryside, and is dealt with mainly by the military. The Malayan bandits are examples of this type, so are the Mau Mau, and the Algerian *fellagha*. The other type of terrorism is basically city-bred gangsterism organised for political purposes. This kind is primarily the concern of the police, though again the army sometimes has to be called in. Examples of this were the Zionists in Palestine, the Tunisian nationalists, and the Moroccan Independents and their sequel the counter-terrorists. EOKA in Cyprus, on a very small scale, is this kind too. The two kinds overlap—the police and the army are jointly dealing with EOKA, as they are with the Malayan bandits—but there is a broad distinction between them, and it roughly determines the tactics and weapons used, both by the terrorists themselves and by authority in trying to cope with them.

The immediate objective of the first type—the countryside terrorists—is to occupy a sizeable area of country so as to have a self-supplying territory from which they can expand and gain control of the whole country or which they can use as a base from which to negotiate with authority. The first step to this is the organised intimidation of peasants and villagers. The movement tries to suborn people's loyalty to authority by threats and at the same time to compel them to support the gangs by extortion. Another objective is the capture of weapons—because the basic problem for this kind of movement is arms. What set off the emergency in Malaya was in fact the existence of weapons—arms the bandits had acquired when they were part of a recognised anti-Japanese resistance movement during the war. The Malayan bandits are well-armed up to a point. They have rifles and plenty of grenades and a number of automatic weapons, brens and stens and so on—though they have not managed either to make or to get large-scale bombs or mines. But generally this type of movement has to rely largely on the primitive kind of weapons to be found in the countryside—knives, axes, shot guns, occasionally revolvers. So its ambushes are usually of police or army trucks carrying arms, and recruitment is primarily recruitment of weapons.

Mau Mau, unlike the Malayan bandits, have not had much in the way of arms. Initially their principal weapon was the panga, the all-purpose African knife (like the Malayan parang). Only about one in seven of them has carried any sort of precision weapon, and the rank-and-file carry home-made guns—lengths of iron piping or curtain rods for barrels, door bolts for breech mechanisms, even rubber bands for springs in the trigger. They can seldom hit anything further off than twenty-five yards, and their prime purpose is moral. A surprising number of rank-and-file have been found carrying dummy guns.

The Algerian *fellagha*—who are essentially mountain brigands like the Mafia in Sicily—started by using simply brigand weapons—rifles, knives, home-made grenades and so on. But lately they have been encountered with more sophisticated weapons—machine guns and bombs. It looks rather as if their movement had been infiltrated or taken in hand by a more professional gang, as it were.

It is the question of weapons which determines the tactics of these countryside terrorist movements. For instance, it is characteristic of them that they tend to avoid direct combat. Their job is to create a

climate of insecurity. The *fellagha*, for instance, come down from mountains by night, raid a village or an isolated police station, set fire to crops, kill the civil administrator or kidnap the schoolmaster, hold up buses on the roads, and burn them, and fade away into the rocks in the afternoon. The army that chased them at first had no idea how to deal with them, just like the army in Malaya. It used tanks and field guns and large bodies of troops. Now it has learned desert mountaineering, and creeps up the dry wadis in the dark and often catches a gang in its caves or as it sets out.

The principal Mau Mau tactic at first was swift, silent raids on isolated farmsteads and villages after dark: in fact, silence and swiftness were the horribly distinguishing features of Mau Mau terrorism. It was partly the natural stealthiness of Africans, but partly the peculiar subversion of loyalty which the movement brought about—the moral decomposition which caused servants to give no sign of weakened loyalty to the family they had served for years and yet be willing to let the Mau Mau gang into the house and even to take part in murder of master or mistress. This moral decomposition came from the peculiar secret-society spirit of the movement. All terrorist movements have a secret-society colouring—it helps to get recruits and adds to security; but in the case of Mau Mau it was the essence of the movement. Its purpose was to produce a kind of mesmerised fear which infected and debased the population.

So far as savagery goes there is not much to choose between the Mau Mau and the Malayan Chinese bandit, but the Malayan atrocities have on the whole been calculated intellectual acts, and—with one exception—I think they are probably the cleverest and most ruthless of post-war terrorists. Not many other movements in the countryside class could have achieved, for instance, the underground chamber saw in the outskirts of Kuala Lumpur in which one gang resided, complete with a neat set of ledgers for the balance sheet of extortion and with a double system of schnorkel breathing tubes thrust up through bamboo stumps.

What are the chances of success for this type of terrorism? In old days it had one good chance on which to rely—the hope of bringing over to its side some of the armed forces sent against it by authority. But since the war such a thing is rare. I think the dice are now loaded against the success of this sort of countryside movement. There is better discipline in armies for one thing; but, more important, there is now a great and visible difference in the standard of living between the 'national' side and the terrorist side.

But there is also another very important weapon in the bias against them: the authorities' monopoly of aircraft, especially of helicopters. The prolonged raids which the Lincoln bombers carried out on the Kenya forests are believed to have killed something like a thousand members of the Mau Mau outright and to have broken up the gangs into smaller groups which crumbled away for lack of proper leadership. In Malaya direct bombing has had much less effect, because of the density and dampness of the Malayan jungle, but the essential break-up of the terrorist organisation was achieved—in the last year before the recent offer of an amnesty—by the use of airdrop and helicopters. Large bodies of troops come down at dozens of points right in the heart of the jungle and stay there, while they are fed and equipped by helicopter.

Gangsterism on the Old Chicago Pattern

City-bred terrorism is basically just organised gangsterism, on the old Chicago pattern. It shows less variation in tactics or methods than the countryside type between one place or period and another. There seems to be little to choose between being a resident in Casablanca or Rabat today or in Tunis last year, and being a resident in Jerusalem in the years immediately after the war. There are the same frequent explosions, the same fire-raising in shops by night, the same cut-and-run assassinations—often by youngsters on bicycles; the same booby-traps in police stations, the mobs provoking troops to fire, the bomb in the Post Office, the bomb in the *café*. Again, unlike that of the countryside type, the first target of the city-bred movement is not usually

the authorities; it is more often another political party or a section of the population opposed to the movement. But as the movement gets under way and authority has to intervene, it becomes itself an equal or even a prime target. This was partly the case in Palestine, where the Zionists were aiming at terrorizing the Arabs and the non-militant sections of the Jewish population, as much as at the discomfiture of the British mandatory authority. It was also the case in Tunisia, where the earliest victims were non-nationalist Tunisians. It was particularly the case in Morocco, where the Istiqlal sought in the first place to impose its will for political reasons on all Moroccans and the movement became anti-French as the French had to step in to preserve law and order. The picture there, which politically was very complicated anyway, was further complicated by the intervention of counter-terrorists, whose aim had been partly to counteract the power of Istiqlal but also to discourage French official action from becoming too 'progressive'.

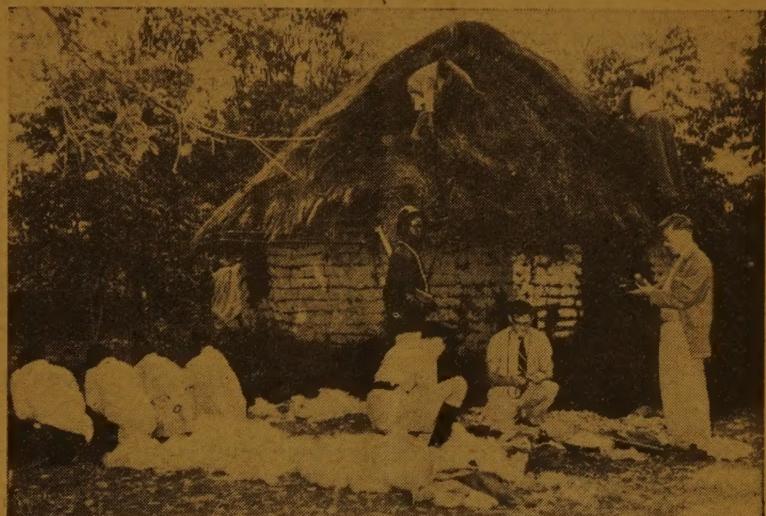
City terrorists work with noisier and more sensational methods than country terrorists, and their activities become larger and noisier as the movement develops. The city gangster is better placed than the countryside terrorist for getting mechanised and large-scale weapons—because of his easier access to factories and to ships which can bring in the materials for arsenals. He also has the advantage of city conditions—by which I mean that a city can be completely disorganized by a few tactically placed bombs.

Life this summer in Casablanca could only compare, for horror and suspense, with the worst days in Jerusalem at the height of the Zionist terror. The Zionists were the exception I had in mind when I referred to the ruthlessness of the Malayan communists. There has been no explosion anywhere since the war so lethal as the explosion which wrecked the King David Hotel in 1946—nor has there been elsewhere such ingenuity in intimidation as was shown, for instance, by the booby traps in the cemetery designed to catch the *cortege* burying the victims of the previous day's outrage.

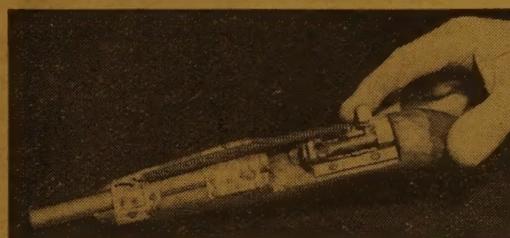
The Istiqlal terrorists in Morocco, who began with revolver shots, home-made grenades, and knives, moved on fairly soon to Molotov cocktails, arson, and assassination by machine-gun. Then the counter-terrorists introduced highly mechanised bumping-off on the old Chicago pattern and highly organised rioting. In the last week or two, it has become a full-scale war. Large sections of the countryside have risen in support of the nationalists in the towns, and the French have had to send half their army out there. The turning-point in the movement was perhaps the day when a bomb, officially described as a 'more powerful type than those used hitherto by the terrorists' exploded in a *café* crowded with French and Moroccans celebrating the *Quatorze Juillet*. It was thought that this bomb was a challenge by Istiqlal extremists to the main body of the movement, to goad it into action as least as violent as that of the counter-terrorists. This, incidentally, is a characteristic development in terrorist movements—the rapid sprouting of extreme 'wings' which plunge further and

further into savagery, so that savagery becomes an end in itself.

These city gangster movements are naturally far more difficult to deal with than rural ones. For one thing, the authorities generally cannot make much use of aircraft or deploy troops effectively. In fact I doubt if any government has yet worked out a technique for dealing with them once they have got a grip, especially in a big city with large numbers of unemployed or badly housed people. Experience in our lifetime shows that the only hope is to nip them in the bud, by good C.I.D. work, at some point before their organisation is fully



Mau Mau suspects (seated, left) outside a hut near Nairobi, while arms, found hidden inside, are examined. Below: a home-made gun, used by Mau Mau terrorists. It can fire bullets of almost any size, and has no trigger—the spring is pulled back and released by a pin

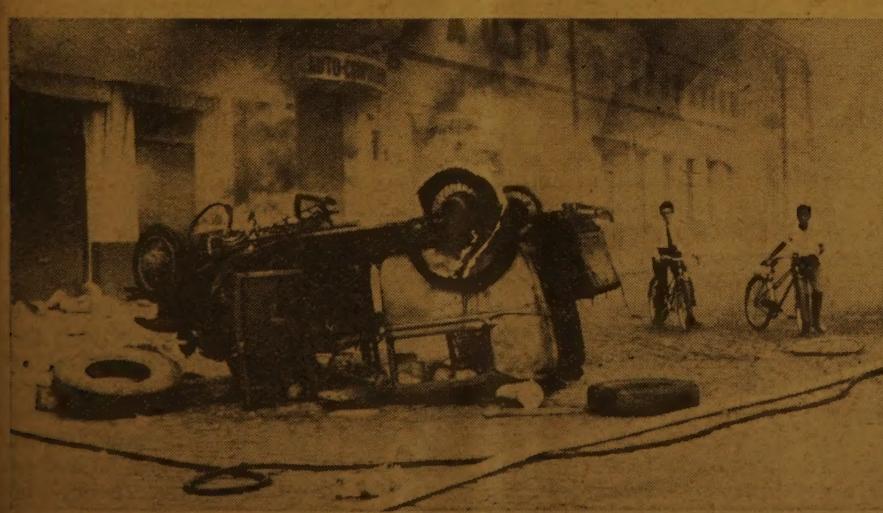


developed and enough of the people are committed. The real answer is a well-trained and loyal police force, but we in Britain are apt to underestimate the difficulty of raising such a force in many parts of the world. It is much harder to raise than an army.

The most recent example of city terrorism we have had to deal with is EOKA in Cyprus, and as a terrorist movement it is not yet really on a par with the others I have been discussing. It began by being remarkably inept. Lately, however, there have been signs of sterner stuff in the movement. It takes years of training and dedication to achieve the terrifying selfless discipline of the true terrorist, and I hope EOKA will not get that far. But the pattern of incidents in the last few weeks has suggested that the movement is now recruiting—or has been adopted by—types with a tougher mentality. There has been a bloodthirstiness about some of the incidents out of keeping with the

earlier pattern: three or four youths emptying their magazines into the back of some unfortunate policeman after dark, and so on. The mob which burnt the British Institute in Nicosia was not really hostile until some rowdy elements in it took charge. The mobs on the whole are not yet really purposeful: that is a definite stage in the development of terrorist movements—when the mobs go for a particular objective, instead of—as is still usually the case in Cyprus—simply milling around in a haphazard way. In the same way, one can still have absurd conversations with Cypriots, who swear that Cyprus must be united with Greece and yet must still be united to England—rather like the conversations one used to have in India. What makes Cyprus look worse than it is is the fact that the police and the army have lately begun to use stronger methods than we are accustomed to in the early days of terrorist outbreaks. Warned by events in Malaya and Kenya, where the authorities were slow to recognise the force of the uprisings, they are determined to nip EOKA in the bud before it really gets a grip. In my view it has not yet got a grip: it can still be nipped in the bud. It could still be called off by the leaders—extremists are not yet in control.

Some of the weapons used by EOKA in Cyprus are known



'City-bred terrorism—basically just organised gangsterism': a street in Casablanca during riots this summer

to have come from outside. Any government under attack is likely to raise the cry of 'foreign bodies at work' and to see, or pretend to see, the sinister hand of the Comintern or the British Secret Service corrupting its innocent people. I think myself this has usually proved to be propaganda nonsense; but it is the case that in any terrorist movement nowadays there are friends from outside. These are usually ex-fighters from previous wars. EOKA's prime movers may well be men who played a similar part in the civil wars in Greece. Ex-Spanish civil war fighters are known to be contributing to the Moroccan disorders. There has been evidence in Algeria of ex-combatants from the Arab war against Israel in 1949. In Algeria, too, a different kind of outside support has shown itself—the fomentation of the *fellaghas*' movement by a subversive organisation based in Cairo. That may now be the case in Morocco, too.

I do not myself believe in those mysterious figures, so beloved of the press, who flit to and fro fomenting revolutions in order to do big

business in gum running. But I am sure that a career in terrorism is the legacy of war—of any recent war. Resistance movements, for instance, leave a legacy of frustrated saboteurs, and armies often leave a legacy of demobilised soldiers, like the roving bands which plagued the Low Countries after Marlborough's wars. Above all, wars leave a legacy of arms—weapons fed to the Resistance or lost by armies of occupation or by armies in retreat. And wars leave a condition of civil chaos—particularly in under-developed countries—and an appetite for ideological changes which can take advantage of the chaos.

It is well to recognise the existence of these purely temporary effects and influences and to keep a sense of history and a sense of perspective about terrorism. For perhaps the greatest danger of terrorist movements is that the process of dealing with them generates a 'police state' mentality. That, in the end, is as destructive of human freedom as the worst of terrorist outrages.—*Home Service*

War and Society

War and the Economic Mechanism

R. C. TRESS gives the third of seven talks

SINCE modern war is impossible without an economic life behind it and economic life requires an economic organisation, any country faced with the possible threat of war has to choose, at the extremes, to do one of two things. Either it can set up a full-scale war organisation and chance how well it works in peace-time, for peace-time ends. Or it can maintain a system intended primarily for peace-time purposes and rely on being able hastily to adapt it for war should the need arise.

In the past, we in this country have always settled uncompromisingly for the second of these two alternatives. But we have peace-time conscription; three per cent. of our working manpower is in the armed forces; ten per cent. of our national output annually goes into maintaining our immediate defences or in keeping technically up to date or ahead. On the military side, we have our membership of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. On the economic side, we have a peace-time Ministry of Supply and we have a good many private industrial firms mixed up with government in the development of aircraft, chemicals, and atomic weapons.

Is this good enough? When attack may come suddenly and without warning, it matters greatly for our ability to defend ourselves that we should have available not merely an immediately defensive or retaliatory force but also the means to maintain a defence economy over a long period. That requires resources and it also requires organisation. We are fortunate, for the moment at any rate, in having a large stock of manpower experienced in the running of a war machine: not only in the present-day civil and military services but among those many temporary service men and civil servants who helped run our affairs from 1939 to 1945. But ought we to do something more in our arrangements than console ourselves with an undocked inventory of experience? Is our position so risky that the possibility of war ought to dictate in some part the form of our peace-time economic organisation?

We could answer this question more easily if we knew for sure what kind of economic role the United Kingdom was likely to play in any future conflagration. In the second world war we were able to combine the functions of providing fighting men with that of maintaining an arsenal for weapon production. But aerial attack caused some dislocation then, and in a third world war this could be far more serious. Indeed, the United Kingdom might be forced to accept the role not of an arsenal at all but of a mere back area or repair shop to military operations: a base, perhaps, performing somewhat the same function, on a larger scale, as Malta performed a dozen years ago. That would make the problem of organisation much simpler.

But I suspect that, for as long as we can, we shall go on making use in our own defence of the great quantity of industrial capacity which we have erected here: our engineering and chemical industries are larger now and technically a good deal more efficient than they were in 1939. We can no longer think of the United Kingdom as operating alone. Combined boards between the United States, the United Kingdom, and Canada for the distribution of food, raw materials,

shipping space, and munitions were needed in the second world war. The creation of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation has taken that notion potentially much further. So let us assume that the United Kingdom is a fully working part in an allied war economy. I repeat then, my question: Ought we to include in our defence preparations besides the training of men, research, and the assembly of an effective store of weapons, a distinctive war economic organisation? And then a second question: Can we do this without radically affecting our peace-time economic life?

Any economic mechanism, whether dedicated to war or to peace, must fulfil at least three requirements. First, it must provide a means of decision—about what shall be produced, about what resources shall go into each particular line of production, and about who is to be benefited thereby. Secondly, it must get these decisions carried out, and carried out efficiently, by seeing that the persons who control resources do what is wanted. These two, I may call the 'static' functions: they keep the economy 'ticking over'. Thirdly is the all-important dynamic function: of providing a driving force towards improved efficiency, innovation, and growth.

Provided we stick to peace-time ends, our familiar economic system of predominantly private enterprise, prices, and markets certainly performs these functions, in my view at any rate, better than any other. The mainspring is private interest. Take, first, the function of decision-making. By associating demand with private profit it establishes a programme of what should be produced; by associating costs with profit it settles the choice from among alternative production methods; and by associating the receipt of income with the contributions made to production it gets the output distributed. Then, by its incentives to economy and to effort, these arrangements also serve our second function: it sees that these decisions are carried out. Thirdly, and most important, the offer of material rewards to those who take risks and display enterprise and invention injects into the economy a very necessary dynamic force. I am not going to claim that this is a perfect system. It uses, as Lord Keynes once observed, not the best of human motives but the strongest. It hides plenty of idleness and inefficiency. The distribution of income which it brings about is wide of what we believe to be ideal: we try to tone down its effects through a system of public finance, lopping off incomes received in production at one end and giving them, or the resources they command, to those less fortunate at the other. But even there, the dynamic force making for growth in productivity and in national output can in a short space of time remove much of the sting in relative differences in income by raising the whole absolute standard.

Unfortunately, this system of prices and profits, though it gives much play to the forces of growth and economic expansion, is slow to react to sudden demands for radical structural change. Its way of getting a production switch from one line to another is through a slow process of, first, higher profits in one direction and losses in another, then the discovery of these facts by numerous individuals; and then

their ultimate response to them. This is far too slow for any country plunged into war. Moreover, apart from the speed of mounting a war effort, it would be impossible to sustain a war economy along these lines. The price system is a consumer system, dependent upon numerous private demands, providing its dynamic through a system of numerous material rewards. It is essential, for a price system to work properly, that those who work in it should in their private capacities consume, or have the right to consume, the bulk of its products. For war-making, therefore, a radical change-over to the methods of command and direction, law and statutory order must be made. How successfully can that change-over be accomplished and how will the efficiency of the result compare with that of an economy on a permanent war footing?

Well Placed for Change-over to War Production

The United Kingdom is, in many respects, peculiarly well placed for making such a change-over. We have a corps of manpower which is largely industrial and largely urbanised, with skills widely distributed and semi-skills common to a large proportion of the working population. The movement into the engineering industries in the last war was remarkably large, as one soon discovers if one compares the achievements of this country with those in countries with a large agricultural or peasant or untechnical population. Furthermore, this country draws a large part of its foodstuffs, and an even larger part of its raw materials, from overseas. It is a disadvantage from the point of view of shipping, which has to operate under threats of enemy attack. But it provides an admirably simple channel from the administrative point of view, for the flow to be controlled and distribution organised.

Even so, the change-over is a time-consuming process. Manpower must be mobilised, factory space must be distributed amongst the many lines of war output, production for civilians must be slimmed down, and a fair distribution of the reduced flow organised through rationing and the like. The people to work the system must be gathered together from other walks of life. Methods must be thought out and translated into laws and orders. The governmental administrative system, far wider than that of peace-time and invading fields largely untouched before, must be established and set to work.

I need not dilate on the time and ingenuity which can be consumed by these problems. We are most of us familiar with one or other aspect of them as they appeared in the second world war. They have been described at length in the official civil history of the war, edited by Sir Keith Hancock. Some rather more personal reminiscences, in the volume *Lessons of the British War Economy*, edited by Mr. D. N. Chester*, are particularly instructive. There one may read, for example, of the difficulties of Professor Ford, with a single supply of one commodity, timber, trying to push it through in the right amounts to a multitude of end-uses; and of Professor Bowen with the problem of building labour, simple to allocate in principle, but its sources scattered throughout the country. In both these essays one sees the difficulties of trying to bring into a war-making plan, the complex, autonomous and diffuse organisms which make up our kind of peace-time economy: how, for example, the sheer lack of statistical information about these organisms—normally, the government does not have to know about them for them to work—stultified much of the vital, early efforts at administration. When the war machine has been finally assembled—if there is time for it—there is still a tattered fabric of what remains as private enterprise to cope with the mass of wants, numerous even when at a minimum, of a civilian population: the private enterprise described by Professor Pares, with employers uncertain of the risks they are asked to run, and with employees doubtful if they should be on such work at all when there is a war to be fought; and yet, with a public demand that clothing coupons should be honoured and that children ought not to go unshod. How much easier it would have been if the whole production line had been run from Whitehall in the first instance?

I am not going to suggest for a moment that because of these potential obstacles to war mobilisation—still, fortunately, hypothetical—we ought straight away to switch our economic organisation to the opposite extreme, letting the needs of war economy determine the pattern, with peace doing its best to fit in. A centralised system can get the decisions taken about the things to be produced, the ways of producing them and their distribution. The difficulties are in getting these decisions implemented. There are problems of communication—of the people down the line knowing what is to be done—which are difficult enough in war-time when everyone knows, broadly, what should be the object of his endeavours; and much harder amidst the variegated purposes of peace. There are even more the problems of discipline—of

getting people to do what is wanted and to do it well. Professor Devons—if I may refer once more to Mr. Chester's *Lessons*—has a sorry tale to tell of war-time production planning: of the vested interest in the concealment of failures, of the importance of influence as well as of formal authority, of the effects of the fluctuating fortunes of Ministers and the interests of official heads, and of the methods which he had to use to get at the facts of what was happening. If this was so under the common stimulus of war, peace would hardly provide a better showing.

Finally, there is the need in the economy for a driving force towards development and growth. Throughout the whole industrial process there are continuous demands not merely for the execution of central decisions with little personal gain to those who bear the responsibility for them but also for a creative invention, an ingenuity in solving new problems and improving on the solutions of old ones. I must not overstate the difficulties here. This is the romantic side of industry and the one for which there are, in fact, many spurs to effort, in power and prestige and in the satisfaction of doing a creative job. The achievements of our nationalised industries and government research establishments since the war provide ample evidence of that. All the same, I am certain myself that, without the intoxication of war itself (and even that can wear off) such dedication would be less widespread and less thorough than it is in our present freer and more varied economic conditions. We cannot afford much loss in that direction if we are to maintain both a lively growth in our standard of living and our economic place in the world.

Can we, then, improve our war potential in respect of its economic organisation? I do not think we can give a reasoned answer to that question without first carefully considering not only the risks we run if we fail to do so but also what we hold to be the proper relationship between industry and government. The risks of being slow to come to an efficient economic organisation when under attack are for the strategists to estimate. But even the layman is aware of the gaps in our structure in the early years of the second world war and of the greater dangers in which their repetition would place us now. As regards the relationship between government and industry in this context, however, there is, to my mind, a dilemma which has not had much attention.

So far I have spoken here in terms of two extremes. The relationship I was reviewing just now was one in which the government absorbs industry, for war and therefore also for peace. That I rejected. The relationship which I earlier examined—our present system—may be described as a dual one. In peace time, aside from the nationalised industries; the government largely stands apart from participation in industry. It makes the rules and acts as referee but it leaves actual operations to private business. Comes a war, however, and government and industry hastily assume the role of co-operators. Ought we then, in order to advance our war preparedness, to establish that co-operative role earlier—in peace time, now? The fact is that we are already doing so, in our usual *ad hoc* fashion. I have already spoken of the extent to which government and private industry are together involved in the development of aircraft, chemicals, and atomic weapons. Let me add to the picture, the growth during the war of what may be generically called the 'production divisions' of the economic departments in and around Whitehall, in the Admiralty and Ministry of Supply, the Board of Trade and the Ministry of Agriculture and Food. These divisions are less important now than in the second world war, but they are considerably more important now than they were before the war.

Inroads in Our Peace-time Structure?

All well and good from the point of view of war preparedness? Certainly: but what inroads may such developments make, unnoticed, in our peace-time structure? Can they take place without, for example, government departments acquiring a preference for one firm over another or (trying to be fair) encouraging link-ups and agreements between firms which ought to be, for our peace-time health, in competition? Can these developments happen without particular government departments acquiring an interest in keeping certain enterprises in being; or in seeking to protect the firms they know and whose leaders they are familiar with against strangers and interlopers? In other words, is it possible that, in attempting to strengthen the organisation of our war potential, we may establish such ties, between private firm and private firm, between government department and large firm or trade association, that we come to lose in peace the economic freedom for which we fought and, if need be, aim to fight for again? I have stated the dilemma. It will need much thought and discussion to find an escape from it.—*Third Programme*

The Listener

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The Reith Lectures

THE subject of the Reith Lectures, which are being given this year by Dr. Nikolaus Pevsner, is 'The Englishness of English Art'. As he explains in his first lecture, which we publish today, they are an experiment in the geography of art: 'the geography of art concerns itself with the ties between the artist and the nation to which he belongs'. Dr. Pevsner is therefore examining his subject not in the usual chronological manner; he is considering a number of qualities which are 'spectacularly English' and illustrating them from works in different forms of art. The topic he has chosen is attractive and difficult. For one thing we English are not pre-eminent in the visual arts. Poetry is the art in which we have most distinguished ourselves, from Chaucer to Eliot, while one would search in vain for the name of an outstanding painter before the eighteenth century. Again, a study of the English novel would be much easier; books about it have been written *ad nauseam*. But, Dr. Pevsner tells us, there is only one book on the English character as reflected in English art, and that is by an Austrian.

Experts, especially in aesthetics, are apt to assert that all generalisations are dangerous and most of them are invalid. Dr. Pevsner is fully aware of this and will expect to arouse doubts, even about the value of his subject. Is not all true art international?—it will be said. In so far as English art is great—in our Gothic cathedrals, for example—does it not form a part of western European culture? Yet the veriest amateur who walks round the National Gallery can pick out what belongs to the Spanish, Italian, Dutch—or English School. And it is stimulating to reflect for ourselves what is so English about, say, Constable or Stubbs. Are we most successful in painting when we are 'down to earth', realistic, horsey? Do we tend, when we would be romantic, to lapse into the worst banalities of the sentimental? Yet we are not above moralising, and some of our finest poets have been Romantics. But then perhaps our poetry does not find its way into our pictures. That almost self-conscious modesty in which we delight, the habit of understatement, combined or contrasted with a genuine pride in our achievements, does not lend itself easily to expression in the visual arts. On the whole we prefer to record and to describe, to eschew fancy and glorification. From Salisbury Cathedral to the Cenotaph in Whitehall we have tended to avoid the elaborate or flamboyant—maybe because we are not too good at it anyway.

'The Listener' in Retrospect

BROWSERS OVER BACK NUMBERS of weekly journals experience, one supposes, a mixed degree of interest—and boredom. Much depends on what one looks for. Poetry is, or should be, timeless and immortal. The utterances of politicians are, or should be, geared to the moment; they seldom qualify for immortality. Between these extremes much of what is said and written can clearly be discarded; but much, too, may strike the browser as worthy of a home no less permanent, at the same time more wieldy than the bound volume of back numbers. These reflections are prompted by the appearance last Monday of a book* containing talks, articles, and poems all culled from THE LISTENER. Readers may recall that this journal celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday in January of last year. From that quarter century of pages this book has been produced. The browser and selector is the distinguished poet and author, Mr. Richard Church. To pass judgement on his choice is a task we leave to our independent reviewer, Mr. Douglas Woodruff. But it would be an affectation on our part not to express pleasure that such a volume has been published, and the hope that that pleasure will be shared by many.

* *The Spoken Word: A Selection from Twenty-Five Years of THE LISTENER*, chosen and introduced by Richard Church (Collins, 16s.)

What They Are Saying

The eve of the Geneva conference

IN THE REMAINING DAYS before the Foreign Ministers' conference at Geneva, Moscow radio emphasised the Soviet Union's friendly exchanges with other countries, claimed that 'the spirit of Geneva has taken firm root', and spoke of opposition to 'the spirit of Geneva' in the U.S.A. and certain other western circles. America was blamed for the failure to reach agreement in the U.N. Disarmament Sub-Committee, and the programme outlined in Mr. Dulles' speech was said to be 'in contradiction with the spirit of Geneva'. Among other things Mr. Dulles 'continues to see the aim of U.S. policy in the liquidation of the working people's gains in the German Democratic Republic and of the people's democratic system in eastern Europe'.

A Moscow broadcast to European and American audiences argued that western objections to recognition of the 'German Democratic Republic' were aimed at creating new obstacles to a solution of the German problem. Moreover, by maintaining that the success of the Foreign Ministers' conference would depend on a solution of the German question, western statesmen were 'deepening the differences' between the Powers instead of 'finding agreed decisions'. A Moscow broadcast quoted a Rhineland newspaper article describing 'the Russian proposal to keep reunified Germany out of both Great Power blocs' as 'the only possible compromise between west and east'. It said:

Countless Germans now see the only chance of swift reunification . . . in the establishment of a German state which would undertake to preserve strict neutrality.

On the eve of the sixth anniversary of the foundation of the 'German Democratic Republic', the Soviet and east German radios broadcast a speech by Herr Grotewohl, claiming that the G.D.R. was 'the foundation stone of a peaceful and democratic Germany', and one by Suslov who reiterated the Soviet view that it was incorrect to make the success of the Foreign Ministers' Conference dependent on the solution of the question of Germany's reunification, which 'can be achieved neither by the policy of strength nor at the expense of the G.D.R.'. Also broadcast was a speech by Ulbricht, who said that, as for the question which German state was the 'lawful one'—

The lawful State can only be the one in which the workers . . . exercise the power of the State . . . That is, the G.D.R., the lawful German State.

Izvestia was quoted as saying that 'never will the workers of the G.D.R. give up their great democratic gains or agree to find themselves once more under the rule of militarists and revenge-seekers'. The Soviet home audience was told that at the Foreign Ministers' conference, there was 'a real opportunity' of solving the disarmament problem and of European security—in the light of the Soviet proposals at the previous Geneva conference. Many schemes had been put forward by the west which had 'nothing in common with attaining the goal' of European security. According to a Tass transmission of an article in *Trud*, 'the mounting struggle of the proletariat' in the capitalist countries, as shown in the highly organised and 'nation-wide character' of the strike movement, was 'inseparably bound up with the general struggle . . . for a reduction of armaments, relaxation of tension and consolidation of peace'. Thereby the working class was 'inflicting telling blows on the cold war policy' and 'exerting a great influence on the entire international situation and strengthening the mighty front of peace'. A broadcast from east Germany on the Paris meeting of the 'Nato War Ministers' said it was a gathering of 'rabid crusaders against the east, who have so far been kept on the leash only by the organised strength of the peace camp'.

On October 12 Moscow radio announced that the Soviet Union had sent a Note to Persia saying it attached grave importance to Persia's decision to join the Turkish-Iraq pact. Persia replied with a Note saying that the Soviet objections were 'incorrect and inadmissible'. Persia's adherence to the pact did not affect her friendship with Russia and was in accordance with the principles of the U.N. Charter. A Moscow broadcast said:

The fact that Iran is being drawn into a military bloc shows once more the falseness of the behaviour of certain Powers, which pay lip service to the preservation of the spirit of Geneva, but in fact are forming aggressive military blocs and continuing their cold war policy . . . Those who inflicted the burden of oil concessions on Iran are trying to convert her into a *place d'armes* for aggressive activities against the Soviet Union.

Did You Hear That?

GRAPE PICKING IN BORDEAUX

JOHN HEUSTON, an Irishman who helped with the vine harvest in the Bordeaux area, spoke about his experiences in 'The Eye-witness'. 'On the way out from Bordeaux', he said, 'we could see, on the vines nearest the roadside, great clusters of ripe grapes bulging out from among the lower leaves. Just how low and how thickly the grapes hung we were to realise rather painfully over the next fortnight. The vines, not more than three feet high, are trained along wire fences in such a way as to encourage the grapes to grow on the lowest part of the stem. The only way to get at them is to kneel or bend right down, and some nine hours of this a day makes you sharply aware of your back.'

'Apart from this, there is not much difficulty—once you have got over the temptation to eat as many grapes as you pick. You snip off the bunches with a small pair of secateurs, and drop them into a basket. Every now and then, when your basket is full, you shout out to one of the strong fellows whose task it is to trudge up and down between the vine-rows, carrying on their backs metal containers holding some seventy pounds of grapes. They act as a link between the pickers and the ox-carts which take the grapes to the wine-press.'

'Standing up to empty your basket gives you a chance not only to stretch your back but to look at the surrounding scene. The vines stretch away on every side, row after row; like the waves of the sea. Only the old *château*, with its round stone tower, rises high above this green ocean. Beside it a long line of silver poplars acts as a wind barrier against the gales that blow in winter from the nearby Atlantic. Otherwise you can look for miles across the flat, hedgeless wine country, to the red roofs of distant villages. But by this time your fellow pickers have drawn ahead of you and you must get a move on. Most of them work stripped to the waist under the hot sun that blazes all day from high up in a brilliantly blue sky. It is usual to go in pairs, one on each side of the vine-row—a friendly practice which leads to much talking.'

'It is surprising how stained with grape-juice you can become, shovelling the grapes into the mangle-like machine that cuts off the stalks, or working the huge hydraulic press which squeezes the grapes until their juice flows away into cement tanks and wooden casks, to begin the long process of maturing. At the traditional celebrations at the end of the *vendange*, the owner of the vineyard brought out some of the vintages of famous years for us to taste. There is every prospect that 1955 will find a place among them.'

WORK AT A TROUT FISHERY

'Near Dulverton, on the borders of Somerset and Devon, you may notice a signpost pointing to the Exe Valley Fishery', said VIVIAN OGILVIE in 'Window on the West'. 'This is one of the fourteen trout fisheries in Great Britain, which supply fish to stock rivers, streams, lakes, and reservoirs. There are many times more people fishing now than there were fifteen years ago, and unless the waters are constantly restocked there would soon be nothing left to catch. Mr. Maund, the owner of the fishery, told me that fish have been his great interest since boyhood, and when he took over this place, which has been in existence

for fifty years, he found a life that suits him admirably. There are fifty-one ponds arranged in an intricate system of levels to keep the water on the move. It is diverted from the river Barle to the fishery, where it flows through wire filters from one pond to another and finally empties into the Exe.'

'Parent trout are kept in a lake not far away. At the appropriate time, which is the late autumn and winter, they are stripped, as it is called. The hard roes are squeezed out of a certain number of females and then the soft roe out of a male. The fertilised ova are collected in trays, which are placed in the hatchery, a long, narrow building set out in terrace fashion. Spring water—river water is no good at this stage—piped from the hills, enters at the top and flows down from one step to the next. Here the ova stay for a couple of months, when they become alevins. About a month later, the alevins are taken out

of the hatchery and put into ponds to grow. Fish at different stages of growth are kept in separate ponds, or the big ones would eat the little ones. As we walked about among the ponds, we saw eleven filled with last winter's crop—thousands of little fellows—and in the remainder fish of varying sizes, darting and twisting and leaping out of the water, up to two-pounders sixteen inches long.'

'The number of ova in the hatchery at the beginning of a season is something like three quarters of a million. Of these, about half are sold as ova. The rest are kept for hatching. I asked how the fish are fed. On meat and fish. Mrs. Maund drives a car, with a trailer capable of carrying a ton, to slaughterhouses and fishing harbours—as far away as Looe—to buy the food in quantity. It is kept in a refrigerator and minced up in a mincer driven by a five-horse-power water wheel.'

'A lorry transports the fish in tanks, with oxygen fed in from cylinders. The fish can live in their oxygenated water for only about sixteen hours. So journeys have to be completed without loss of time—and they may be as far as Birmingham or Hull or even Scotland.'

CHINESE CHILD PAINTERS OF HONG KONG

In Hong Kong, as a result of the Japanese occupation, many young Chinese children were left without homes or family, and since then their numbers have been increased by refugees from China. There are not enough schools for all of them, but the local people have formed organisations to try to help them in the evenings. One such organisation is run by Miss Madeline Pearson, an English artist who lives in Hong Kong, and COLIN JACKSON recently visited her in her studio, to which young Chinese children come for a painting lesson on one evening a week. He described the interview in the Home Service.

'Busy shining shoes all day, or fishing, or carrying sacks', he said, 'their clothes, sometimes only a pair of shorts, got a bit ragged. But Madeline Pearson told me they were always spotlessly clean with faces scrubbed and fresh. As they had never seen a palette or a paint brush before she thought she would try them first with charcoal sketches. But from the beginning these little street boys proved born artists, with perhaps the inborn skill of thousands of years of Chinese painting.'

'Madeline Pearson knew only one Chinese word—"Good"—but her pupils understood her and her teaching. She said each week they



Children of vineyard workers during the harvesting of the grapes near St. Emilion, Bordeaux

came they would look at the paper a minute or two, and then, with a terrific intentness, start painting, showing an instinctive sense of perspective. And it was a serious business, apparently, their hour as an artist. Shy and respectful, they never talked while painting, and when it was time to leave they just took a last look at their work and went away, never asking to take it with them. For what good is an oil painting at home when home is just a corner of the pavement?

I asked Miss Pearson about the subjects they liked. For a reply she showed me some superb paintings of Hong Kong harbour scenes, and beautiful pieces showing the vivid colour of Hong Kong flower markets. These young Chinese boys had seen R.A.F. fighter aircraft and also air liners, so they tried their hand at painting these too. She said the more unhappy one of these ragged children was the more vivid were his colours. Harsh stripes of blue and red splashed across the paper seemed to get rid of some of the little chap's misery and loneliness. The girls, apparently, chose quieter themes and tones.

NEVER KICK YOUR MOTHER

Speaking in 'Woman's Hour' from Scotland about how to write comic songs, JOAN BENYON said: 'There's no getting away from the fact that if you want to make a living out of writing you must forget all your lofty and beautiful ideas, and just aim at being funny. To prove it, think of what a top-ranking comic earns compared with a musician or poet. There is a big, ever-ready market for comedy; gone are the days when a comedian used to buy a catchy song-hit in a bar off the Charing Cross Road, where the writer was grateful to receive 5s. and a pint of stout in payment. Gone, also, are the days when the comedian could then use this one number for years; radio and television have made this impossible. He now has to face an audience of 10,000,000 in one

night, so no act or number can last long. Another thing—radio and television have raised the standard of humour expected by the public. It's got to be good, and it's got to be new. The market is terrifyingly big, and the possibilities are endless. Script writing can offer even more openings than songs, but here again you must think up a new angle—if there still is such a thing! Audiences tired some time ago of the familiar opening gambit: "A funny thing happened to me on my way to the studio tonight". This formula has recently been changed, and we are now growing tired of yet another well-worn opening: "A funny thing happened to me on the *Queen Mary* when my wife and I were on our way to Hollywood".

'What a joy it can be to write for an artist who knows what he wants! His explanation of this can, however, be embarrassing. I remember lunching with Douglas Byng in an Edinburgh restaurant, when he wanted to illustrate a character he had in mind and picked up a posy bowl from the centre of the table and put it on his head. He rose to his feet, balancing the thing, and went on talking in the most natural way—quite unaware of the sensation he was causing! The same sort of thing happened to me also in a London restaurant, when a very famous comedian brought everyone within earshot to their feet by breaking into song, without a trace of self-consciousness. The opening lines were:

Never kick your mother,
You may never have another.

There is a point here which it is worth while noting; those lines were funny and they were intended to raise a laugh. Had the lyric writer

tried to express the same idea in serious vein, and had written

I love my dear old mother,

There can never be another...

then it would have been banal and consequently valueless. The laugh is the thing.'

MARTINIQUE—ISLAND OF EXTREMES

'I first saw the mountains of Martinique', said ERNLE BRADFORD in Home Service talk, 'from the deck of a yacht at dawn. We had sailed up from the British island of St. Lucia—twenty miles to the south—overnight. It was a swift sail under the press of the trade winds which funnel between the two islands, and the night air was like silk on the skin—heavy with the salt smell of the Atlantic.

'It was carnival time when we arrived, and even at five in the morning as we dropped anchor off the island's capital, Fort de France, I could hear the sound of the *béguine* drifting across the water. The natives of Martinique, like all West Indians, are born dancers, and the *béguine* is their national dance rhythm, just as the calypso is that of Trinidad. Later that morning, standing in the Savane, the park of Fort de France, I got into conversation with a French official from the Barbary Coast.

He had seen me looking at the statue of the Empress Josephine which stands there. Napoleon's bride was born in Martinique. She was christened Joséphine, and was christened enough, Marie Joséphine Rose Tascher de la Pagerie and, while she was still a young girl, a fortune teller prophesied that she would one day be Empress. "We have something else to tell you", my new acquaintance said. "This night of course you will see the dancing and the gaiety of Carnival—but you should not forget to see the other face of the Island. You should visit St. Pierre."

'St. Pierre: for the moment I could not

recall what dim echo it stirred in my memory. But, the other face of the island—I knew what he meant by that. For Martinique is not a sunlit land of sunlight and tropical flowers and green mountains wreathed in trade wind clouds. It is a place of harsh contrasts, and the tranquillity of its cloudless days, the languor of the sun and sea, is liable to be shattered by outbursts of savage violence. In the last 300 years Martinique has endured thirty-three hurricanes, seven earthquakes, three volcanic eruptions, and eleven tropical storms with tidal waves. Life here is either violent—or lethargic. Martinique is an island of extremes.

'In 1900 the capital of the island was not Fort de France, but the busy, booming town of St. Pierre on the north-west coast. With a population of 40,000 and a fine anchorage sheltered from the prevailing trade winds, St. Pierre was one of the most thriving cities in the Caribbean. It had the reputation also of being one of the wickedest. On the morning of May 8, 1902, Mont Pelée, a volcano 4,500 feet high, unleashed its power, and a rain of ashes, fire, molten lava, and dense gas swept down over the gay city of St. Pierre. The merchants, their ladies who had danced and gossiped by open windows, the consular officials from many nations, the Creoles, the "poor" whites and the "poor" blacks—all were dead. Within a few hours the entire population of St. Pierre was wiped out except for one survivor. He was a middle-aged coloured convict, and he was in a small cell almost underground. It was, in a sense, the inhumanity of man to man that preserved him; had he been in a modern, well-lighted cell above ground, he would undoubtedly have perished. As it was, the search teams and rescuers of many nations who flocked to St. Pierre found him still alive though badly burned.



A street in St. Pierre, Martinique, after the eruption of Mont Pelée in 1902

French Government Tourist Office

The Englishness of English Art

The Geography of Art

NIKOLAUS PEVSNER gives the first of seven Reith Lectures

I BELONG to the happy few who can make a living out of studying the history of art and out of communicating the results of their studies to others. Why should one study the history of art? There are two questions contained in this one: Why should one take an interest in art? And: Why should one take an interest in history? I suggest that an understanding and appreciation of the work of the artist adds to the truly valuable pleasures and thereby enhances one's life. That poetry or music can do that, no one denies. The revelations which can reach us through the eye are less familiar.

A Thrilling Enterprise

You may go to any great muséum and just let work of art after work of art speak to you, as it comes. But you will find after a time that you need history to understand and even to appreciate art. You will see differences between, say, one statue and another, which are not merely personal but must be the result of a distance of several centuries between the two. The historian of art, after having looked at a statue or a picture or a chair purely for its own sake, then asks himself what it can tell us of the age that made it. That also can be a thrilling enterprise, for the layman as well. It can be applied also to literature, music, philosophy, and even science. So past periods come to life with the various expressions of their ideals and prejudices, and in the end we shall understand our own age better by comparing and contrasting it with the past.

Art historians differ in their personal preferences. The artist tends to look at the individual work for its aesthetic character and its craftsmanship regardless of its historical setting; the connoisseur for its handwriting and its genuineness, regardless of its historical setting; the biographer is interested ultimately not in the individual work, but in the man behind it. His question is: How did this unique individual express himself by means of his art? The historian need not underestimate the individual, but he tends to neglect the individual. He is more fascinated by what men and works of one age have in common, and he watches how one age develops into another. He says that the spirits of ages as he watches them are greater than the individual. He is the generaliser—and I may just as well make it clear at once that I am one of them.

But these lectures are not going to deal with the development of style from period to period, that is the history of art, but with a different type of generalisation, a type you might call the geography of art. Instead of asking what all works of art (and, of course, architecture) have in common because they belong to one period, in whatever country within one civilisation, I am going to ask here what all works of art (and, of course, architecture) of one people have in common, at whatever time they may have been made. That means that my subject is really national character as it is expressed in terms of art.

As soon as one poses this question, there will be two objections. First: Is it desirable to stress a national point of view so much in appreciating works of art and architecture? Second: Is there such a thing as a fixed or almost fixed national character? Neither of these questions is confined to art. I would, needless to say, answer Yes to both.

Those who are against stressing nationality in art argue that in an age of such rapid communications as ours, keeping everyone all the time in touch with all other parts of the world, everything ought to be avoided that glorifies obsolete national divisions. To that I would answer that geography of art is not really nationalism in action, although some intelligent and sensitive art historians have unquestionably made it appear so. The result of what I am going to spread out before you is not simply: this is English, and don't you do anything else. It will on the contrary be, I hope, so complex a tissue of seemingly opposed forms and principles that in the end you ought to emerge with a juster understanding of the art of other peoples and a widened instead of a narrowed sense of this country's national possibilities.

Now for the second question, which is, as you will remember, whether there is such a thing as a national character consistent over centuries. Let me give a preliminary answer which is very simple. You know

'Romeo and Juliet'. You know the line about the nightingale and not the lark? 'It was the nightingale and not the lark'. Here it is in Italian: 'E 'l usignol—non è la loda'. And here in German: 'Es ist die Nachtigall und nicht die Lerche'. Are these not three national characters speaking, each at once recognisable? Or another example. Do you know what *costoletta* is in English? A chop. So I suggest that as long as one nation says 'mutton chop' and another *costoletta di montone* there will be national characters. *Costoletta di montone*—it sounds like a whole line of poetry in English. And if you retort: Let us therefore have Esperanto, my answer would be: At the end of this series of lectures you will, I hope, be ready to admit that that would deprive us of an infinite variety of valuable things. What it will be my job to prove to you is that English art bears out the existence of national qualities represented in the syllable 'chop'. We shall see whether that can be done.

I would rather, at this stage, give you a preview of another of the basic and permanent premises of national character: climate. That is one of these premises recognised to a certain extent already by Hippocrates, and certainly by Jean Bodin in 1566. The Abbé du Bos in 1719 was the first, it seems, to apply it to art. Winckelmann much more inspiredly built on it his evocations of the spirit of ancient Greek art. From him the notion went to the Romantics, especially Schlegel, and so into the nineteenth century. And the argument is convincing enough. Art will develop differently in the mists or under clear blue skies, in a moderate or in a hot climate. So perhaps the fact that Turner and Constable are English has something to do with our climate. Climate may also explain English sympathy with the atmospheric art of the sea-board republic of Venice. English poetry ever since 'The Wanderer' and 'The Seafarer' has been aware of the sea around the island, and perhaps it follows from this that hearts of oak are not only the ships but also the mighty and ingenious roofs of the churches. People from the Continent find it difficult to understand that the English never accepted stone vaulting as the one and only dignified thing for a church of any pretension. A timber vault in imitation of stone such as you have at York Minster in the transept and in the chancel at St. Albans, seems ignominious to a Frenchman. But then he has nothing like the double hammerbeam roofs of East Anglia.

Recentness of Fogs

However, let me quickly add a first warning. Problems of national character in art are not as primitive as that. You would think that climate and language are among the most permanent factors that can be. But not even they are permanent. I have just finished reading the proofs of a book by Francesca Wilson. It is called *Strange Island*, and it is an anthology of foreigners' impressions of England from Froissart to Maurois.* That the 'gloomy fogs', the 'foul smoke'... with which the city is covered eighteen hours of the twenty-four appear prominently in such an anthology goes without saying. What is remarkable is that they do not come into the book at all before the middle of the eighteenth century. A moist climate may be natural, but fog is moisture plus soot, and so what one complains of as climate is the combination of climate with such things as the exploitation of coal, a development of industry that calls for vast masses of coal, and in the house a system of heating evolved for wood fires and not yet universally adjusted to the use of coal. Perhaps this staunch conservatism in the teeth of the greatest discomforts is English? Perhaps the early and ruthless development of mining and industry is English? That we shall see later.

What I wanted to show you already now is that even climatic conditions are not entirely permanent in the way they affect us. Nor is language really permanent. Not only because Anglo-Saxon is not English, and because the Norman court and nobility spoke French, and because the literary language of prose was Latin. The Royal Proclamation of the Provisions of Oxford in 1258 is the first major document in English, and only in the fourteenth century did English become the accepted official language of England. Yet even Chaucer's English needs the

* The passages from *Strange Island* and from the material collected by Miss Wilson for her book are printed by the courtesy of Messrs. Longmans Green and Miss Wilson.

translator. And has it any of the characteristics demonstrated in my comparison of 'chop' and *cotoletta*? Chop is undoubtedly typical of today's English. One of Miss Wilson's foreigners, Conte Pecchio, says: 'The great quantity of monosyllables looks like a kind of shorthand'. Here is one example which I heard the other day. It was an anxious question about an unreliable character at an important meeting. 'Will he rat?'. That, translated, say, into Dr. Johnson's English, would be: 'Do you consider it probable that he will desert our cause at this perilous stage?' So that is eighteenth- *versus* twentieth-century English. And similarly the English preference for short sentences (as against the long sentences of German or Italian writers) is not permanent. Look at the great seventeenth-century divines like Jeremy Taylor and you will agree.

Demonstrative Conservatism

So one ought to be careful not to take today's character as it has been analysed and lampooned so gracefully by the Czech Capek and the Dutchman Professor Renier, and expect always to find it in the past. For today the qualities are obvious, and I will here rattle off only a few. Personal liberty, freedom of expression, and wisdom in compromise, the two-party system not shaken by communism or fascism, the democratic system of negotiating in parliament as well as on boards and committees, the distrust of the sweeping statement (such as mine are) and of the demagogue. Then the eminently civilised faith in honesty and fair play, the patient queueing, the wisdom in letting go in Ireland, in India, in Burma, a strictly upheld inefficiency in the little business-things of every day, such as the workman's job in the house, windows that will never close, and heating that will never heat, a certain comfortable wastefulness and sense of a good life, and the demonstrative conservatism of the wig in court, the gown in school and university, the obsolete looking shop-window in St. James's Street, the Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds, the Keeper of the Queen's Swans, the Portcullis Pursuivant, the City Companies, and £.s.d., and yards and acres, and Fahrenheit. All those things seem as eternal as the rock of Gibraltar.

Are they? I will take two examples from Miss Wilson's book. Here is Erasmus, the great humanist, writing from Cambridge in 1517. 'The rooms are generally so constructed that no draught can be sent through them'. And here is Alexander Herzen, the Russian *émigré* politician and philosopher who lived in London from 1852 to 1864: 'Nowhere is there a crowd so dense, so terrifying as in London, yet it never in any circumstances knows how to queue'.

So much for the permanence of national characteristics. And do not say that such little things as queueing and ventilation do not matter compared with the great qualities of a nation's character. For not only has Sterne in his *Sentimental Journey* said very rightly that one 'can see the precise and distinguishing marks of national characters more in these nonsensical minutiae than in the most important matters of state', but the important matters of state have also changed. Where has the Elizabethan pirate-cum-poet gone? The privateer, the man who takes the big risks and knows few scruples, and who writes accomplished sonnets at the same time? He was a Renaissance type, and one cannot expect him in the twentieth century? That is just the point I want to make. There is a spirit of an age, and there is national character, and the two can act in accordance and they can interfere with one another until one seems to black out the other completely. Do our most highly appreciated actors play Shakespeare correctly, the Elizabethan Shakespeare? what Voltaire calls 'these monstrous farces which one calls tragedies', written by 'a genius full of force, of nature and sublimity, without a spark of good taste'? You have to go to Donald Wolfson to see that side, the exuberance, the boisterous virility of the Elizabethan Shakespeare; that is, to an actor who was not trained in an academy, but in the rough and tumble of music hall and troupes of strolling players as they still existed until a few decades ago.

'Strolling Players' is the title of a Hogarth picture, of which I shall talk later, and as Shakespeare's England so Hogarth's England has gone. And with the cock-fighting and the roaring debauchery of Hogarth's England, the England of Chippendale has gone; that is, the England of high, exacting craftsmanship. In Miss Wilson's book we see that, according to César de Saussure, about 1725, the English craftsmen 'work to perfection' and 'the perfection of craft-work' is still praised by Grosley in 1765. But gone also is the world replacing that of Chippendale, the world of the English pioneers of industry, of the great ironmasters and engineers and inventors, of Abraham Darby and Wilkinson, of Boulton and Watt, of Telford and Stephenson. England was leading in the world then, it was the America of the day. Wilkinson

went to advise at Le Creusot and in Prussia; Telford built the Gothenburg Canal in Sweden; Aron Manby, Cockrill, and others had factories in France and Belgium; the first railway engines in Germany were English.

That does not sound like English conservatism, does it? So where are we, with our search for permanent national qualities? Actually in as desperate a position as it may seem. The mistake one tends to make is to expect national qualities to show up too universally and be too simple. In all that I am going to demonstrate to you in this series of lectures you must remember that national character does not only gradually change, but is also not, at all moments and in all situations, equally distinct. The spirit of a moment may reinforce national character or repel it. Moreover, as we are dealing with the visual arts, the national character of one nation may be more likely to seek expression in that particular field than the national character of another nation, and the question as to how far England is a visual nation or not, or has been a visual nation and is no longer, will have to engage our attention. Then, in addition to all that, you must remember that the visual arts, even in the most artistic nation, cannot reflect everything. There may be whole important traits to which we can find no equivalent in visual terms. That must make any picture of national character, in terms of art and architecture alone, one-sided.

There is, however, one way in which one can avoid at least the worst one-sidedness. One should never try to arrive at the simple statement. The English are *x* and not *y*, the Germans are *y* and not *x*. Such statements are bound to be useless. Instead I am going to try to pursue geography of art here in terms of polarities—in pairs of apparently contradictory qualities. English art is at one and the same moment Constable and Turner, it is the formal house and the informal, picturesque garden surrounding it. Or, if I may take as my examples next the apparent contrast between two consecutive periods: English art in the Decorated and the Perpendicular style in architecture; it is Vanbrugh and Lord Burlington, Hogarth and Reynolds. What we shall have to do is to analyse for each of them individually what is English in them, and then see how far the results really contradict each other. For instance, Decorated is the flowing line, Perpendicular is the straight line, but both are line and not body. Constable's aim is truth to nature, Turner's world is a phantasmagoria, but both are concerned with atmospheric view of the world not with the firm physical objects in that is, again, not with bodies.

Roast Beef and Cabbage

Now that I have said so much to show what is not permanent in the national characteristics of England, may I indulge in a few examples of how surprisingly much after all does appear to be permanent? Paul Hentzner, the German tourist who came to England in 1590, already says the English are 'impatient of anything like slavery'. Miss Weston in about 1690 says they 'eat a huge piece of roast beef on Sunday, and the rest cold the other days of the week'. Their idea of vegetables, says Karl Philipp Moritz in 1782, is 'a few cabbage leaves boiled in plain water'. The English do not work too much, says Sorbière in 1670, they believe that 'true living consists in knowing how to live at ease'. And one more example, Antonio Trevisan, Venetian Ambassador to Henry VII in 1497, remarks that the English say, 'whenever they see a handsome foreigner: he looks like an Englishman'. Saussure, who was a very shrewd observer, says the same: 'I don't think there is any people more prejudiced in its own favour than the British'. And go on to Ogden Nash, and you will find this:

Let us pause to consider the English
Who when they pause to consider themselves they get all reticent
thrilled and tinglish,

Because every Englishman is convinced of one thing, viz:
That to be an Englishman is to belong to the most exclusive club there is.

There seems to be pretty well unanimity here. Yet, in this particular case, I am not at all sure myself whether they are all of them right. But then I am never a hundred per cent. sure either how far I am myself a foreigner and how far I am.

That brings me to a few personal remarks which I think I ought to add in conclusion. Why should I give this particular series of lectures to you? Why should I, with a never fully conquered foreign intonation, I who am not too certain of the difference between centre forward and a leg volley, stand here to talk to you about the Englishness of English art? My defence is that in order to see clearly what is what in national character it is perhaps a good thing at one stage to have come in from outside and then to have settled down

(continued on page 653)

Mont Blanc Revisited

By WILFRID NOYCE

THOSE who never climb a mountain may sometimes wonder what, if anything, goes on in the minds of those who do: what we think while we are actually up there, suspended by fingers and toes or balanced breezily on an ice slope. We in our turn sometimes wonder what went on in the minds of the pioneer climbers who first climbed here before us. That thought struck me with special force one day this summer on Mont Blanc; for, besides being Monarch of the Alps, nearly 16,000 feet high, Mont Blanc has the longest mountaineering history of any major Alpine peak.

I was with two companions of Everest, John Hunt and Michael Ward,

and a very old climbing friend, David Cox. The previous evening we had come a little way down the mountain in thick mist, and now, in the golden glow of cloudless morning, we were trying to cross it back into Italy. We were going up the well-worn French route; a treadmill job, as the guides, holding their stouter clients on a tight rope, would be the first to describe it. But looking over the steep leftward slopes I found myself thinking of the men of nearly 200 years ago, Paccard and Balmat and de Saussure, who crawled in heroic fear where crowds now jostle in safe comfort. The breath of tradition still blows, if faintly, up there. And we must not laugh at the timidity of those early pioneers. They were real heroes, venturing against all warning into this uncharted world of giant ice-tower and black, bottomless abyss.

But we moderns hurried prosaically on. We stopped briefly at the 14,000-foot Vallot hut, with its refrigerator smell of stale orange peel and exhausted, blanket-bound bodies. We topped the two great snow mounds known as the Dromedary's Humps, and at last we were labouring along the whale-back ridge of trodden snow, beyond which you could see nothing higher. Then, once again, I was on the highest summit of the Alps.

We arrived panting. When I say panting, I mean it. We puffed like steam engines, and one of our Everest party was physically sick there, in the good company of two French climbers. It is no good thinking: 'I've been to the Himalaya; a mere 16,000 feet won't affect me'. They do indeed, so much so that many Himalayan climbers find just that height, between 15,000 and 17,000 feet, the most trying of all in acclimatisation. After that things get better, and by 20,000 feet they feel themselves again.

Mont Blanc that day was a wonder of fresh snow. We paused in a wind before the view—it is too high really for more than a panorama—and hurried on past the little wireless mast, just about where Armand Charlet and I found a French scientist in an igloo in 1938. We must

have stepped unknowingly over his experiments when we had crossed the mountain in a thunderstorm two days previously. Now we turned left, away from the traffic which returns the way it has come. We descended the great shining mound to the east and tramped down untrodden snow leading to Mont Maudit, the accursed mountain, a name once given by frightened peasants to the whole range: another echo of the past.

Mont Maudit is really a very respectable high mountain in its own right, and over a mile away from Mont Blanc. But often it appears only as a spur on this enormous ridge. We wandered along its crest,

then down its steep, snow-splashed rocks, plodded on to another spur, getting hotter and hotter, down to a pass, and so in the grey evening to the famous Torino Hut on the Italian frontier. It ought rather to be called a hotel *de luxe*, for it is heated, daintily cuisined, and furnished with bar and dancing floor. You look cosily out of plate-glass windows. There before you, dominating a scene that stretches from the Matterhorn to the Dauphiné and beyond, looms the great face seamed with white gullies and crowned with huge bulges of apparently unsupported snow. But it was not only because of its unrivalled view of Mont Blanc that the Torino was hard to leave. The name Everest had somehow gone abroad, and the Italians are ardent autograph-hunters.

W. Noyce

Books, cards, scraps of paper, and even jerseys had to be signed, by John Hunt especially. At long last we were pottering down in the morning sun towards Courmayeur, in Italy.

Compared with Chamonix, the town of Courmayeur is still unspoiled, and old, too, in its deep cleft of a valley. Among the suburbs, cows still occupy the bottom floor of the houses, just as they did hundreds of years ago. Wizened farmers look up at the great bastions, as they did then, and prophesy storm. Indeed, the art of forecasting is a useful one here, since Mont Blanc is outstanding, even among mountains, for the vagaries of its weather. For us at eleven on the next morning the sun was sparkling hopefully; by a quarter past eleven a dirty grey cloud had slithered in an ominous ooze round the peaks. By the time we had regained the Torino at 10,000 feet (promise not to tell anybody—it was by the rope railway) the snow had started.

Usually I think of Mont Blanc as male in character, a solid, burly monarch, ice-crowned and ermine-robed. This time I realised that here was a lady, intent on rebuffing her rather diffident suitors. Our objective was the Red Sentinel route up the great south-eastern wall facing the Torino. A gargantuan lunch in the hut, at a yet more gargantuan price, and we pressed on. There was no sense in waiting on the weather, a



Mont Blanc from the path down from the Torino Hut. On the left is the Italian summit, Mont Blanc de Courmayeur

lot in escaping crowds. But we never even reached the Red Sentinel itself, that great rock tower quarter way up the face. On a little pass below there is a bivouac hut. The snow was falling, and we sadly unrolled our down jackets and slept the night through.

When we returned to Courmayeur the peak was cloudless again. So, two evenings later, we were to be seen stamping across the Brenva Glacier. In the middle of it we found a German encampment of ten. The cook handed us out warm drinks, with the equally warming remark that 'mountains remove barriers'. But warmth in the air reminded us that the snow was not nearly hard enough. In the hills a cold night spells fine weather, warmth is the warning of storms. Soon a sinister mist, slow and silent, was creeping up from the valleys, swallowing every peak. Once again we pulled out our down coats and seated ourselves gloomily, this time on a bumpy ledge some way short of the Sentinel. We tied ourselves to the rock and tried to cook on the little petrol stove.

It is an exciting sensation, as a rule, to bivouac on the breast of a high mountain. In a curious way you become part with it, whirled round together under the stars and yet locked still in the centre of a deep calm. But not tonight. First of all the mist swung apart; one star, two stars, then a mysterious suggestion of Mont Blanc, then a return of the grey gloom. At about midnight somebody said: 'It's snowing'. In my dream world I was already making the dismal plod back to the valley, where the wizened farmers look up, eager to prophesy storm. I was already saying 'Failed again', when suddenly, a something in the night air, a stir—I cocked an eye open, and there were the huge buttresses of Mont Blanc again, clear and silvery-firm in the moon's light. The downy clouds had rolled back at her feet, like lions before their tamer. We looked at our watches; it was nearly three o'clock already, just not too late for the Red Sentinel, the most direct route up the face to the summit of the mountain. Shivering, we packed, ate a little chocolate, and started off to climb the rock and snow by moonlight. We went fast, but on one of the crossings I looked back; against a tawny sunrise cut by the distant spire of the Matterhorn I saw John Hunt doubled over his ice-axe. All that day he was plagued with stomach trouble.

Above the rock named Red Sentinel there is a long climb, chiefly on steep ice and snow. Looking up it in the early sunshine (the sun was behind us) we could see the great ice cliffs that crown the mountain face, apparently one or two hundred feet above our heads. After two more hours of climbing they still looked exactly the same. That is the scale of it. But at last, up steepish ice, you come out on to the easy snow mound we came down a few days before. This time it was unrecognisable in a mist that had crept upon us: a few yards of wind-ridged snow, and all else mist. That is a common quality of mountains. They hardly ever look the same twice. Even the summit, when we reached it at midday, would have been hard to place but for the wireless mast, the orange peel and the footmarks. As there was no view and the only desirable alternative was a drink, we followed the orange peel down to that lively spot, the Vallot hut, about 2,000 feet below.

In the daytime the Vallot is like a scene from Hogarth. It is made of metal, and at night has the chill air of a mortuary. But in the day it warms up. A motley collection, male and female, from every country in the world come here to refresh themselves from the labours of vanquishing the highest mountain in the Alps. Costumes range from

deerstalkers to gym shoes, turbans to frock coats, and the voices are Babel. By contrast the plunge downward, still in the mist, to the *petit plateau* seemed strangely silent. An avalanche had fallen over this *petit plateau*, killing two people, someone said. It reminded me of the terrors of the first ascents in the eighteenth century. I found myself picturing the scene among the ice towers, as the early prints show it: the row of guides, some with bottles protruding from their sacks; the man being pulled out of a crevasse; the weird backcloth of pinnacles. Just at odd moments, masked in mist, you can see the same things almost with their eyes. You too can be startled into seeing 'crooked' like them (for the shapes they saw come straight from fairyland). But I think that some of them, sometimes, disbelieved their own terrors and their own distortions—like a child who has his first inkling that there are not really ghosts at all to frighten him in the dark.

When we had descended the many feet to Chamonix, and again on the peaks that we went on to climb to the east, I often found myself wondering about that. You cannot keep your eyes from straying back to the old giant who rises to peep at you from each new angle. Sometimes he is square, because there is an Italian summit, Mont Blanc de Courmayeur, which is almost as high as the French. From the north he is a smooth snow hump like the back of an elephant. And I would try to look at the changing shape with the eye of the peasants to whom the whole range was a Mont Maudit, an accursed mountain that killed man and brought storms.

Nowadays you can peg your way up any of those vertical rock faces, if you have the skill. The Vallot hut is waiting to receive you if you are storm-benighted on the bigger ridges. You can sunbathe on the top two days after leaving Paris by night express. Yet even nowadays it is impossible to lose reverence, and a good deal of fear, for the old giant. There he is one day, towering above, a jagged ridge half-smothered in cloud; and yet, on the same day, it is his round bald head that surveys the mirrored scene by the placid lake of Geneva. A few minutes later the bald head may disappear in a storm cloud that will be the terror

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of anyone up there; or the pink snows of sunset will paint their eternal contrast to the black woods that reach up from the darkened valley of Chamonix. We can still marvel at the courage of that pioneer of the hills, de Saussure, who said to the men of Chamonix nearly 200 years ago: 'I will offer a reward to the first man to reach that summit'.

—Home Service



Ice cliffs of Mont Blanc, from the Red Sentinel route

Among recent books are: *English Historical Documents Volume IX: American Colonial Documents to 1776*, edited by Merrile Jensen (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 80s.); *Mediaeval York, a Topographical Survey Based on Original Sources*, by Angelo Raine (Murray, 30s.); *The New England Merchants in the Seventeenth Century*, by Bernard Bailyn (Oxford, 38s.); *American Constitutional Law*, by Bernard Schwartz (Cambridge, 25s.); *Islam: Essays in the Nature and Growth of a Cultural Tradition*, by G. E. von Grunebaum (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 21s.); *The Sun and Its Influence*, by M. A. Ellison (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 21s.); *Man Must Measure: the Wonderful World of Mathematics*, by Lancelot Hogben (Rathbone Books, 15s.); *The Year's Work in English Studies 1953*, edited by Frederick S. Boas and Beatrice White (Oxford, 21s.); *Shell Guide to Flowers of the Countryside*, painted by Edith and Rowland Hilder, chosen and described by Geoffrey Grigson (Phoenix House, 6s. 6d.); *Shell Guide to Herefordshire*, by David Very (Faber, 12s. 6d.); and *The Penguin Guide to Kent*, compiled by F. R. Banks (3s. 6d.).

What Happens in a Thunderstorm

By B. J. MASON

NOTHING in nature is more impressive than a really violent thunderstorm. Ever since the famous experiments of Benjamin Franklin, in the eighteenth century, scientists have pondered over the nature and origin of lightning, but even today the complex processes that go on inside thunderclouds are not fully understood. One reason for this is that the centre of a vigorous thunderstorm is hardly the most convenient and comfortable of scientific laboratories. But by flying aircraft into storm clouds and exploring them with radar we are now beginning to get a clearer picture. I want here to tell you something of these recent developments and also describe the latest ideas on the controversial question of how thunderstorms become electrified.

In principle, you can regard the thundercloud as a natural dynamo which produces electric charges, both positive and negative, and separates these so that the positive charge appears in the upper regions of the cloud and the negative charge lower down. During this separation process the voltage between the positive and negative regions, or between one of them and the earth, grows until it reaches perhaps 100,000,000, or even 1,000,000,000 volts, when the insulation of the air breaks down and we get a lightning flash. The flash may travel from the cloud to ground or may take place entirely inside the cloud. In either case, some of the electricity stored in the cloud is destroyed and this may have to be renewed before the next flash, perhaps twenty seconds later.

Because of the great speed with which lightning travels, the structure of a flash can be studied only with the help of a very fast camera. Photographs taken with such a camera show that a lightning flash may consist of a number of successive strokes, which follow one another along the same track, at intervals of about one-hundredth of a second. The average number of separate strokes is three, but as many as forty-seven have been recorded. Incidentally, the width of the lightning channel is only a few inches.

A lightning discharge reaching the ground is started by a streamer which travels from the bottom of the cloud in a series of steps. Each step can be seen on the photograph by a sudden increase in the brightness. This stepped leader stroke, as it is called, approaches the ground with a speed of about 100 miles per second, often along a zigzag path with downward-

pointing branches; hence the term 'forked lightning'. When this leader stroke reaches the ground, the main or return stroke travels up the path which was established by the leader. The brightness of this return stroke is much greater than that of the leader and it travels at a speed of about 10,000 miles per second. It is this stroke that causes all the damage, for it may carry a current of 20,000 amps.

Thus, during this short period the dynamo has a power output of 1,000,000,000 kilowatts. After a pause of a few hundredths of a second there may be a second leader and return stroke and the process may be repeated a number of times.

The structure of a flash occurring entirely inside the cloud is often obscured by the cloud itself, so that only a general diffuse light is seen. This we call 'sheet-lightning'. The air in the narrow lightning channel is heated within a few ten-millionths of a second to a temperature of about 15,000 degrees Centigrade, that is, two and a half times hotter than the surface of the sun.

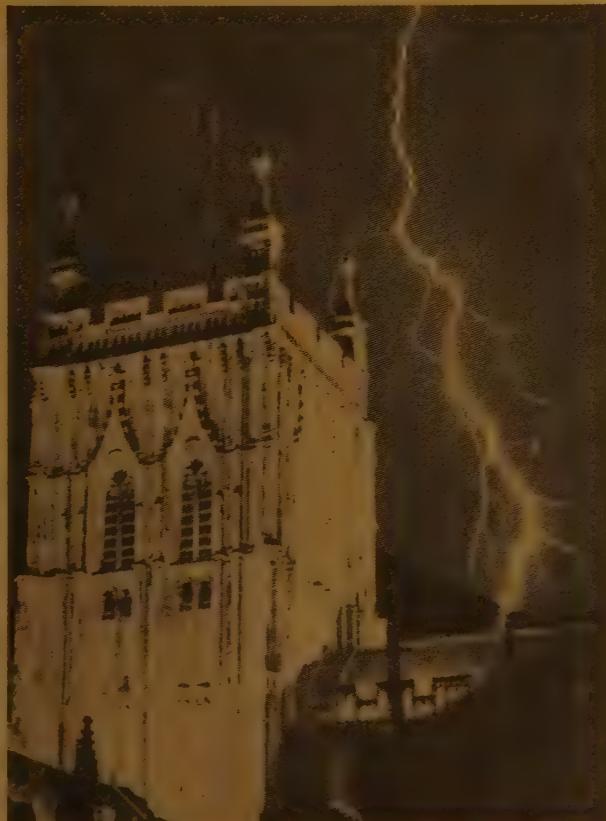
F. H. Ludlam
expands explosively and creates intense sound waves which we hear as thunder.

This, then, is the outline of the story. Let us enquire a little more closely into the structure and behaviour of thunderclouds. On a radar screen we can see that a thunderstorm consists of one or more active centres or cells. They are regions of heavy rain, hail, and lightning and contain strong vertical air currents of up to sixty miles an hour. Each cell goes through a fairly well-defined life history, having a growth stage, a mature stage, and a decaying stage. While the whole life of the cell may last for about an hour, the mature stage, during which the rain, hail, and lightning are most intense, lasts for fifteen to twenty minutes. A mature cell may vary from one to ten miles across and extend vertically to heights of 20,000, 30,000, or even 40,000 feet.

The distribution of electric charge inside a thunderstorm was first deduced by Professor C. T. R. Wilson, who studied how the electric fields produced at the ground by lightning flashes varied with the distance from the storm. He came to the conclusion that there was an upper positively-charged region and a negatively-charged region lower down. This general picture has since been confirmed by many workers, but in particular by Sir George Simpson who sent up from Kew balloons fitted with an instrument to measure the



A large thundercloud with typical anvil-shaped top



Forked lightning: in the foreground is Malvern Priory
Photograph by A. Cooper, from 'Weather'.

direction and strength of the electric fields at different heights inside thunderclouds.

From records of the changes in electric field that occur before, during, and after a lightning flash, and from the aircraft and radar data, we now have a fair idea of how much electric charge is destroyed in a lightning flash, how much charge must be generated before lightning can start, and the rate at which the thunderstorm dynamo must work. This, then, is the background against which we must judge the many theories that have been put forward to explain the generation and separation of electricity in thunderclouds. During the last forty years alone, there have been at least eight major and several more minor theories. I cannot go into all of these, but perhaps I may mention the three that have gained the most support.

In 1929 C. T. R. Wilson pointed out that a raindrop, in falling through the atmosphere (which, even in fine weather, possesses a weak electric field and contains small positive and negative charges), would capture the negative charges but repel the positive ones. Thus, raindrops in a thundercloud would acquire a negative charge and fall towards the bottom of the cloud while the small, unattached positive charges would be carried by the air currents into the upper regions. This mechanism works in the right direction to produce the kind of charge distribution that is observed; positive above, negative below.

Simpson, however, had a different theory. He had observed in the laboratory that when large drops of water break up, the large pieces acquire a positive charge and the smaller fragments a negative charge. This, he suggested, could happen in a thunderstorm, where the raindrops may become so large that they break up before leaving the cloud. But it is clear that the faster-falling large fragments would cause a positive charge to appear in the bottom of the cloud, and this would charge the cloud the wrong way round. After his experiments with balloons had confirmed Wilson's picture of the positive charge occurring above the negative and also that the charge was generated mainly in the freezing region of the cloud, Simpson put forward a new theory. He thought of the electrification of thunderstorms as being similar to that of dust storms and drifting snow. Collisions between snow crystals inside the cloud might result in the crystals acquiring a negative charge and the upward moving air a positive charge. Although this process would work in the right direction, Simpson was never able to demonstrate that colliding snowflakes in fact become charged in the way he suggested.

A year or two ago I thought it worth while to re-examine these various theories in the light of recent laboratory experiments and of our increased understanding of the meteorological and electrical processes at work. A satisfactory theory must show that the charge can be generated and separated at the necessary rate. When I did this I found

that all the mechanisms I have just described would work much too slowly and produce less than one-hundredth of the charge that is actually dissipated by lightning in a typical thunderstorm. They are also open to objection on other grounds.

In looking for a new explanation I was conscious of the fact that in the freezing regions of active thunderclouds, pellets of soft hail are formed by aggregation of the tiny super-cooled cloud droplets. Also there was some evidence that when these hail pellets are produced artificially in the laboratory they become strongly negatively charged. Having worked out the rate at which these particles would grow in a typical thundercloud, I used the results of these laboratory tests to calculate how quickly charge would be generated and separated by these hailstones while they were falling towards the cloud base. The answers were encouraging. It seemed that such a process would be capable of producing the necessary quantity of electricity in the time required by the electrical and radar observations. However, the exact mechanism by which the charging of the hail was brought about was still obscure.

But during the last few months some new light has been thrown on the problem by Dr. Reynolds, working in America. His experiments are still in a rather early stage, but so far the story is this. If he makes an ice pellet in the laboratory and moves it through an artificial cloud containing tiny droplets of super-cooled water and small ice crystals (thus simulating the conditions inside a natural cloud), the ice pellet becomes negatively charged. This charge is apparently produced by the tiny ice crystals in the cloud colliding with the hail pellet; but only if the hailstone is either slightly warmer or slightly more electrically conducting than the ice crystals. There are good reasons for believing that both these conditions would be met in natural clouds and it seems entirely reasonable that enough collisions between hailstones and ice crystals could take place to produce the amount of electric charge required.

It will be necessary to confirm Dr. Reynolds' experiments, which are notoriously difficult to perform because the merest trace of impurity in the water can ruin everything. One would also like to measure the electric charges carried by hail pellets in actual thunderclouds—again more easily said than done. But there is some reason to hope that we are at last on the right track. At least, many of the experts are now agreed that the generation of thunderstorm electricity is closely connected with the formation of soft hail, although there may be some doubt as to the exact mechanism. However, one cannot help feeling that nature, who has guarded this particular secret so well and for so long, may not give it up so easily. It is one thing to have a plausible theory and another to prove it beyond all reasonable doubt. There is still a long way to go.—*Home Service*

Town Planning and Architecture, 1945-1965

Pride or Prejudice in Industrial Building

EDWARD MILLS gives the sixth of seven talks

A FEW weeks ago I was sitting on the bank of a small canal on the outskirts of Rotterdam; on the other side of the water, gleaming in the sunshine, was a graceful multi-storey building, clean and colourful, built mainly of glass and concrete and surrounded by well-kept lawns, flower beds, and trees. Children fished in the canal while their parents sat under the trees by the water's edge. This was not some great public building, but a factory, one of the finest modern factories in the world; since 1928 it has been an outstanding example of the new architecture of industry.

The Van Nelle factory, although now over twenty-five years old, is still as fresh and exciting as when it was first completed. With such a picture in one's mind it can be reasonably asked why this has not become the accepted standard for all new industrial buildings over the last quarter of a century. Why do we still, at least in this country, think of factories as belonging either to the acres of dreary mud, dirt, and smoke of the Black Country, or the flashy, pretentious ribbon development of the Great West Road?

Speaking as an architect, it seems to me that one of the main reasons is that many industrialists are prejudiced against new building methods and materials and do not really think that there is any connection between architecture and industry. They tell one they want something

'modern but not contemporary', by which they mean good solid brick and no nonsense. (Not that there is any reason why an architect should despise brick as a building material.) Many times I have heard industrialists say, 'We don't want a building that has bright colours, large windows, and exciting shapes—we want a factory, not an exhibition building.' Yet I do not believe that there is one architectural 'style' for exhibitions, one for housing, and a different one for industry. It is just that spirit of gaiety and adventure that we need to get into our new factories. It is there that we need more colour, more light, and more liveliness. Coloured glass and stove-enamel sheets, graceful curved shells, concrete roofs, pre-stressed concrete frames, light welded steel, and aluminium are no longer new and untried things; they are part of architecture as it is today and must be used to give us factories that are better both to work in and to look at.

Lionel Brett, in his talk on housing*, referred to 'the extraordinary gap one finds nowadays in all the arts between the leaders and the rank and file'. There seems to be a similar gap in the industrial world; but here the gap is between the few leaders in industry who encourage their architects to be bold and enterprising, and the many who lag behind. Since the war more than 10,000 new factories have been built in Great Britain with a floor area of over 225,000,000 square feet. But out of

this vast number only twenty-five or thirty could be said to reflect any sign of pride in their architecture. Most of the others are only superficially different from those of the nineteenth century; you get the same old brick shed with a north-light roof and a forest of supporting columns, whitewashed walls and Factories Act lavatories. I do not think these 'sensible' buildings even make efficient manufacturing units. These drab and colourless monsters are simply intruders in the landscape, no wonder we—a great industrial nation—feel ashamed of them and banish them to the no-man's land round our towns.

I am not going to single out any of those twenty-five or thirty model factories. They are too diverse in function and scale to allow for any worth-while comparisons. What I should like to do is to indicate four clearly defined directions in which industrial building as a whole seems to be developing. The most important of post-war trends is towards buildings that allow for flexibility. We have at last woken up to the fact that industry is constantly changing; industry which does not change is generally one which is dying; each year new methods, new processes, and new materials are being discovered in laboratories and experimental workshops. The buildings in which these processes take place must be capable of absorbing these changes without major modification to their structure.

The Americans have solved this problem of flexibility by making many of their manufacturing buildings single-storey, box-like structures; they often cover many acres of ground, with unobstructed open floor areas in which plant and machinery can be arranged or rearranged as conditions demand. Everything not needed on the working floor goes up into the roof, even lavatories, foremen's offices, and rest rooms. Steam, electricity, water, and all other services are also carried in the open spaces of the roof, and to make the factory completely independent of climate, it is entirely artificially lit, heated, and ventilated. American designers claim that the brilliantly lit, shadowless interior, with its high-intensity fluorescent lighting, allows them to place machines anywhere they like. A 'vision strip' window at eye-level running round the walls gives workers a brief glimpse of the outside world. In front of the manufacturing area is the administration building with the offices and reception; here again you find artificial lighting and air conditioning. The offices usually have windows, but the fluorescent lighting is left on all day long.

An important feature in these American plants is the entrance hall. It is large, lavishly equipped, and very well furnished. It is the entrance for everyone—workers, office staff, and visitors. An attractive receptionist is regarded as essential, and her presence, together with the high-quality carpet on the floor, has a considerable effect, one is told, on the behaviour and appearance of the workers. Efficiency is supplemented by psychology.

Of the four types of new factory which can be seen in this country, the first incorporates many of these American ideas: the spacious entrance, the open floor space, and the flexible service arrangements. These adaptable, one-storey factories now figure in the industrial zones of the new towns: for the production of standardised and mass pro-



The Van Nelle factory, Rotterdam, 'built mainly of glass and concrete, and surrounded by well-kept lawns, flowerbeds, and trees'

duced goods—radio sets, furniture, household goods, motor-cars—such buildings are convenient and highly efficient. They differ from their American counterparts in one important respect: they seldom rely entirely on artificial lighting, but usually have good natural light. The 'north light' is being rapidly superseded by other forms of roof lighting, some of which admit controlled south light; this gives a more lively interior than either shadowless artificial light or the monotonous north light; at the same time it maintains even illumination which allows the plant to be laid out freely.

As architecture, however, these buildings fail in much the same way as the average American factory. Too often much attention is given to design of the road frontage, and the rest is left to look after itself. The result is a modified version of the façade architecture of the Great West Road 1930 variety. Admittedly the external appearance has changed in the last twenty-five years—the white cement rendering has given way to patches of coloured tiles, and the horizontal windows have been replaced by larger panes of glass with projecting frames—but the idea of architecture as something applied to the building, instead of a quality inherent in its design, still exists. In many cases the sites allocated to these factories are too small, and they huddle together too near the roadway without trees or planting to humanise them.

Seen from the outside, then, this type of factory is liable to be dull and uninspired, but I do not myself believe that this need be so. Made with carefully chosen materials and colours, their simple shapes can be used as a back-cloth for attractively planted gardens, water features, and trees. Factories nowadays do not consist solely of workshops; with a little thought, the office and welfare buildings round them can be used to create a vigorous composition. The Brabazon buildings at Filton are very impressive in this way. As you come up to them you see the vast assembly hall, over 1,000 feet long and 120 feet high, covering seven and a half acres; a gigantic back-cloth for the canteen, the boiler house, and the office buildings, which have an almost domestic scale. These ancillary buildings have been designed as strongly modelled groups, linked together by almost transparent covered ways and curving paths. Areas of park land complete the composition, and as the viewpoint changes the composition changes as well, giving a variety of colour, mass, and form, always against the vastness of the assembly hall.



The Brabazon buildings at Filton, dominated by the 1,000-foot-long assembly hall, seen from the south-east. In the foreground are the petrol pump house and inflammable stores; on the right, the boiler-house and canteen

From a social, as against an architectural angle, the conception of the 'factory estate' has its doubtful side. Offices, laboratories, warehouses, are an essential part of the modern industrial unit. But, since the war, canteens, medical centres, sports grounds, even housing, have also come to be regarded as essentials where once they would have been considered expensive and unnecessary luxuries. Even industrialists who cannot see any need for architecture in industry spend large sums of money on these things.

Artificial Communities?

There is, to my mind, a danger in this new movement; we may get to a stage where workers tend to focus their whole interest in the factory. We may end by producing artificial communities based on the limited interests of the factory as a substitute for links with the world outside. This is accentuated when the factory also provides housing. In the great town of Zlin, built by the Bata Shoe Company in Czechoslovakia, over ninety per cent. of the inhabitants were in 1930 connected with the company, who provided housing, education, recreation, and everything else. It was said that even the train services were arranged, so that if you worked in Zlin it was difficult to get away from it.

In my view, the solution could often be found in the location of factories. They need not invariably be segregated from the rest of the community in factory estates, although it may be necessary for certain industries to be grouped together for convenience and for some to be isolated to minimise nuisance. The integration of the factory into the community could be of value to both parties; the factory canteen, the sports field, the club, could be made available to non-employees from outside; they in turn would take a pride in the factory and its work; the factory would then be an integral part of the community life, and not merely an intruder to be tolerated because it provides local employment. Zoning has in many cases been carried to excess; a few clean, new, smokeless factories could provide just that variation of scale and character which is so often lacking in the new urban areas. Gardens with flowers and trees would make a natural line of demarcation between the residential and working zones.

Some industries have special requirements which cannot be readily catered for in the comparatively simple, flexible, open-floor factory; they need buildings which are carefully tailor-made for their type of manufacture. These form my second category. Factories for medical supplies, food, or drugs may require areas where the air is dust and germ free, and where delicate operations can be carried out under carefully controlled conditions. Again, heavy engineering works, steel rolling mills, and some chemical plants may require structures capable of carrying enormously heavy loads, or protecting plant fifty or sixty feet high. Each of these industries needs to be considered on its own merits, and here the architect's special ability in analysing a problem and developing an efficient and economic solution is being more widely appreciated. Until a few years ago the field still belonged to the engineer, but since the war steel works, chemical factories, and similar structures have been designed by architects. The result has been a number of buildings which equal any in the world. On these new buildings—some of them very tall, some of unusual shape to deal with their special needs—the architects have often been allowed to let themselves go; they have used the new materials and techniques to provide large floor spans, carry heavy loads, and give great height. None of these things could have been achieved by more traditional means. The result has been a much more lively architectural expression than the box-like, single-storey structure.

Buildings which Create their own Landscape

Like the Van Nelle factory in Holland, such buildings can in fact create their own landscape. They are big enough to dominate the area in which they stand; their many different units can be related one to another to produce an interesting composition on a well-laid-out site. A steel rolling mill, which admittedly could not be built in the middle of a housing area, can by its very nature be an exciting and interesting building set in isolation against a well-considered landscape. But, as architects, I think we have to be careful not to overlook the need for flexibility and adaptability. These are necessary even in the 'tailor-made' factory. Manufacturers can no longer expect machinery to be up to date indefinitely; one or two of the most advanced model factories have been designed so tightly for their particular process that it may turn out an expensive business to adapt them to new machinery.

My third development concerns the old-fashioned workshop in town which is often a thorn in the flesh of the town planner. It would be impracticable, and indeed harmful, to try to banish out of town all the small bespoke tailors, jewellers, watchmakers, and small printers who work in converted houses in London, Birmingham, and other big cities. Their workshops do not need elaborate or large buildings; yet the ill-adapted houses they now occupy are in many cases due for demolition. A third type of factory is therefore emerging: the multi-storey factory rather on the lines of a block of flats. This contains a number of individual units which can be let to small-scale, clean industries. They can share communal facilities such as loading bays, storage space, and perhaps a canteen, but still retain their separate identities. The London County Council and the Birmingham City Council have been studying this problem and some of these workshop blocks will go up soon.

Perhaps one of the most outstanding examples of incongruity in buildings for industry is the modern power station. Since the coming of cheap electric power, these buildings have been growing more and more pretentious and their function less and less obvious, culminating in buildings like the Battersea Power Station; vast cathedral-like structures encased in expensive brickwork, which dominate and over-power everything in the vicinity. Unfortunately, such monumental structures are still being built in many parts of the country. Yet some architects and electricity authorities are at last realising that we can no longer afford their tremendous cost; that there are many elements in a power station which do not need to be enclosed at all and that atomic research may soon make the traditional ways of producing electricity out of date.

A Power Station Exciting—and Cheaper

The vast generating halls need no longer stand as proud but useless monuments to their designer; much of the plant and machinery can be left unhoisted and can be used as part of an effective architectural composition. These parts of the generating plant can stand on open platforms at different levels with roofs or coloured sun screens, allowing the well designed mechanical units to register their own impact. This new type of power station will not only be more exciting to look at but also cheaper to build and just as efficient as the older-type. Perhaps the new atomic generating stations will give a lead in this direction.

In other industries, too, much of the vast amount of plant needs to be housed only in the lightest of structures. This, then, is the fourth kind of factory we should consider. The Blue-bonnet plant in Texas for the processing of corn products was designed in this way. It is an enormous plant covering 140 acres. Before it was built the architect examined each phase of the process and decided that many processes normally enclosed in buildings need not be enclosed at all; they omitted not only windows but walls as well; their structures became extensions of the machinery itself—platforms, roofs, supporting columns, and sunshades.

Oil refineries, chemical works, gas works, and distilleries can be built—and, in fact, are already often built on the same principles. Yet a visit by day to any oil refinery or gas works shows how ugly, untidy and ill-conceived they can be. The idea that a haphazard arrangement of containers, plant, and pipework can, without conscious designing, be attractive is ridiculous, but where a designer has seen the possibilities of this sort of composition, he can achieve dramatic results. Many of the pieces of plant common to these industries have strong, simple shapes which properly organised and arranged in relation to carefully grouped pipelines, aided by the use of good colour, can be made the basis of colourful and exciting compositions. Against the trees and grass they can create an almost sculptural effect. Such abstract design, applied to engineering forms, controlled by an imaginative designer, can provide an interest and excitement not unlike that emanating from a modern painting or sculptural group.

Thus we can see the four ways of designing new factories; the flexible factory suitable for many industries designed as an integral part of the community; the discreet factory block in the heart of a built-up area; the large specialised factory standing by itself, capable of positive architectural expression; and the automatic or electronical controlled plant without buildings—bold, dramatic, and sculptural against a rich and colourful man-made landscape. These are the possibilities for industrial architecture in the next ten years, and the success or failure of such experiments depends upon both the architects who will design the new factories and the industrialists who commission them.—*Third Programme*

Have I a Duty to My Country As Such?

The second of two talks on 'Ethics and Politics' by R. M. HARE

IN my first talk* I attempted to show how the philosophical study of moral language could shed light on a moral problem which arises acutely in war time and immediately after the end of wars—the problem of whether the orders of a superior can absolve me from the moral responsibility for my acts. I want here to discuss another problem, one which arises for people more often at the beginning of wars and at times like the present, when there is danger of war. The problem is: What moral claims has my own country on me, just because it is my own country? We certainly call patriotism in some sense a virtue; yet the man who said 'My country, right or wrong' is generally held to have carried patriotism to excess.

On this question also, it seems to me, Kant has enunciated the essential principle; but instead of expounding his doctrine in his words I will illustrate the problem by means of an imaginary example. Let us suppose that there is a tribe in some South Sea island, the members of which think it their duty (in some quasi-moral sense) to do everything in their power to secure the maximum food supply for the tribe; and suppose that the food supply consists in the main of the flesh of the inhabitants of neighbouring islands. I said that the word 'duty' was used in a quasi-moral sense, because as I think you will agree on reflection, it would be difficult to say that such a tribe used the word 'duty' in the moral sense as we understand it: difficult, but not impossible. Suppose that we confront a leading member of the tribe with the following question: 'Do you think it equally the duty of members of neighbouring tribes to increase their food supply in a similar manner—for example, by making cutting-out expeditions against your island?' I think it possible, but unlikely, that he might answer 'Yes, just as I have a duty to increase the food supply of my tribe by killing the members of other tribes, so the members of other tribes have a duty to increase their food supply by killing the members of my tribe'. If he answered in this way, we should indeed find his moral code strange and repellent, but I do not think that we should deny it the name of a moral code. But he is much more likely to reply, 'I don't concern myself with what the members of other tribes do, so long as I can kill sufficient of them; I concern myself only with the duties of members of my own tribe, the chief of which is to secure the food supply'.

Meaning of the Word 'Duty'

If he replies like this, it seems to me that he is using 'duty' in only a quasi-moral sense. I wish to make it clear that my reason for saying this is not just that I disagree with the opinion of this man so much—or think it so utterly wrong—that I cannot bring myself to believe that he holds it as a matter of moral principle. It is rather that there is a logical reason why the judgement which I have attributed to him could not be a moral judgement. This is that, whatever the content of one's moral principles is, there is one formal feature which they must have if we are to allow them to be moral principles at all: that they should be impartial as between persons. If I maintain that it is my duty to do a certain act, but say of another person, placed in exactly similar circumstances, that it is not his duty to do a similar act, I say something which is logically odd, and gives rise to the presumption that I do not fully understand the meaning of the word 'duty'.

For when something is somebody's duty, this is so because of something about the situation in which he is placed. We say 'It is my duty because I am her husband' or '... because I made a promise to do so', and so on. Sometimes the reasons why it is a duty are very complex; but they always refer to characteristics or features of the situation (including the characteristics of the people in the situation). We cannot, in enumerating these reasons, say things like 'It is my duty because I am I', unless this is merely an abbreviation for 'because I have the characteristics I have, and am in the situation I am in'. That is to say, there cannot occur in the enumeration of these reasons a singular term which is not replaceable by a conjunction of general terms. 'I', 'me', 'my wife', 'my tribe', 'my country' are singular terms. If I say 'It is my duty to do this because she is my wife', then

there may be nothing logically objectionable in this, provided that I am prepared to allow that I have this duty to my wife because this is a duty which any husband owes to his wife, and which applies to all husbands in so far as they are husbands. To say this is to replace the singular term 'my' in the statement of the principle with the general term 'any husband'. But if I say 'I owe this duty to my wife, just because I am I and she's my wife, and it may be that no one else has a similar duty to his wife', then I say something logically odd, because I am using the word 'duty' in a way which is at variance with its meaning as commonly used. If I refuse to admit that the reason for saying that it is my duty lies in some characteristic of (something about) my wife, myself, or the situation, then I shall be using the word 'duty' in an incomprehensible way.

Offence against a Logical Principle

This is the logical principle against which my imaginary tribesman offended, and which made me say that he could not be using the word 'duty' in its moral sense. For his statement of quasi-moral principle contained an uneliminable singular term. He said, in effect, 'It is my duty to kill the members of other tribes to feed my tribe; but it is not the duty of the members of other tribes to kill members of my tribe to feed their tribes'. Unless the tribesman was able to point to certain features which his tribe had and which other tribes did not have, features which were such as to account for this difference in the duties of their members, he would, in saying this, be using the word 'duty' in a way which offends against the logical principle which I have enunciated. For he would be using, in this statement of his duty, the uneliminable singular term 'my'.

I have been at some pains to make it clear that what I am maintaining is a logical point about the meaning of the word 'duty'. The logical principle which I have been enunciating, which I will call for short 'the principle of impartiality', is limited in its scope. It does not suffice to rule out a great many principles or maxims which on other grounds we should all feel to be utterly wrong. For example, the following principle is stated without the use of singular terms: that one ought always to kill one's father when he cannot any longer support himself; and examples could be multiplied. My claims for this logical principle are therefore not nearly so extensive as those which Kant made for his Categorical Imperative, which it in many ways closely resembles. For one thing, Kant does not make it quite clear whether his principle is a logical principle like mine, or itself a moral principle—the supreme one; and usually he speaks as if it were the latter (a view against which there are insuperable objections).

Nevertheless, with this important qualification, I think that Kant's principle contains the essence of what must be understood, if we are to answer our question. Although the impartiality-principle is avowedly purely formal, and has to do merely with the meaning of the word 'moral', yet it has, as I shall show, an important bearing on the moral problem. This is not because moral conclusions can be derived from this non-moral principle—this would be to offend against Hume's canon to which I referred in my first talk—but because, once we are possessed of the concept of *moral* duty, as in part defined by the impartiality-principle, we have set our feet upon a road from which there is in the end no turning back—the road which leads from tribalism to true morality. This is one of those many cases where merely learning to speak in a certain way influences our whole way of thinking.

A World-wide Currency

One of the things which the civilised man says to the cannibal is 'You can't say it's your *moral* duty to kill these people, and refuse to admit that if so it's their moral duty to kill you'. And on the whole cannibals and other supporters of tribal moralities the world over have heeded this plea. That is how it came to be the case—as it was not previously—that moral concepts (in the proper sense) acquired a world-wide currency. The process is not complete, as I shall later show

(tribalism still survives); but we (at any rate most of us) are sufficiently apprised of the meaning of the word 'moral' to see the absurdity of claiming that it is your moral duty to do a certain act in a certain situation, while denying that it is the moral duty of someone else to act similarly in a precisely similar situation.

Patriotic Duty?

I say that this is the way things have developed. But the tribalist has always two possible ways of avoiding being dragged along this road. The first is to say 'I don't wish to use this concept of moral duty, as defined by your impartiality-principle. The way my fathers spoke is good enough for me; I shall go on saying that I have a duty—not indeed a moral duty in your sense, but shall we say a patriotic duty—to kill the members of other tribes, but that they have no similar duty to kill me'. But on the whole tribalists have not taken this way out, for the obvious reason that the concept of moral duty, once understood, is such a useful concept in our thinking—it enables us to think and to say things which we so much want to say—that once understood it is not readily abandoned.

The other way out is much more attractive, because it enables the man who is at heart a tribalist to talk as if he were a moralist, and to derive many of the advantages which the use of the concept of moral duty brings. The impartiality-principle, you remember, forbids moral principles to contain uneliminable singular terms; and this made it impossible for our tribalist to say that he owed a moral duty to his tribe just because it was that particular tribe, a duty which was not owed by other people to their tribes, though they were in precisely similar situations. The tribalist can get over this difficulty by a familiar device. No tribe really is exactly similar to any other tribe, just as no person is exactly similar to any other person. In practice, in applying the impartiality-principle, we qualify it; by saying that anyone who claims that it is his moral duty to act in a certain way in a certain situation, must admit that it is the duty of anyone else to act similarly, not merely in any precisely similar situation, but in any situation which is similar in the relevant respects.

People will differ as to which features of a situation are morally relevant. You or I would not say that it was morally relevant what kind of a hat the man was wearing whom we were about to kill. But our tribalist might proceed as follows. He gets his tribe all to wear a peculiar kind of headgear. The tribalist then says, or acts as if he thought, that the fact that he wears this headgear and his victim does not is morally relevant. He then has a moral principle which—so far as the impartiality-principle goes—is perfectly respectable: 'It is the duty of people wearing (say) seven feathers in their hats to kill people not so hatted; but it is not the duty of people who do not wear this kind of hat to kill those who do'. This principle contains no singular terms and therefore passes my test; yet it allows all the acts to be done which the tribalist wishes to justify.

The wearing of uniforms is a somewhat artificial expedient, and has certain disadvantages; but its widespread adoption by tribalists is a testimony to its attractions. I do not wish to maintain that all the attractions of uniforms, national or otherwise, are as disreputable as the one I have mentioned. It would be dull if all nations dressed alike; and uniforms to differentiate between groups have as many good uses as bad: I just wish to draw attention to one of the bad uses.

Differences which Assume Immense Importance

Differences in speech, like differences in dress, and other differences in trivial matters of behaviour, can assume an immense importance for the tribalist; they are the features which enable him to preach, as if it were an impartial moral principle of general application, a principle which is in reality especially tailored to suit his particular advantage. But, as I said, such more or less artificial devices would probably not be effective by themselves. It is much more effective to find some natural features which members of your own tribe have, and members of other tribes do not have, and to think of them as morally relevant. Bodily traits are very effective as discriminants. If the people whom you wish to discriminate against have black skins or hooked noses, how easy it is to regard this as the very mark of a morally lower status, and to enunciate the (formally) quite impartial principle that people with black skins ought to slave for those with white skins, or that people who have not got hooked noses ought to exterminate those who have got them. And if there is no readily apparent bodily feature to discriminate between two tribes, why not pretend that there is? Why

not say that there is a difference in the blood, or in the hereditary make-up, which makes it right for one tribe to be the masters, the other the slaves?

There is nothing which I, as logician, can say to frustrate these devices. The tribalist who adopts this sort of device is beyond the reach of the impartiality-principle, because it is a logical principle, and those who say that the colour of one's skin is morally relevant are guilty of no logical error. Indeed, they are thinking in a way which is so common that we must call it natural. But I am glad to say that the attractions of this way of thinking have not, historically, proved powerful enough to resist the advance towards a better way of thinking. This better way begins when we come to think that the most important thing about other men—of whatever tribe, and whatever their head-dress or speech or skin—is that they are men. The man who wrote the line, '*Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto*', stated clearly this better way of thinking—'I am a man, and I do not regard as morally relevant mere tribal differences between myself and other men'. I hope you will notice that this principle, unlike the impartiality-principle, is a moral one; it is not logical or formal, but has moral content. This means, first, that we cannot be logically forced to adopt it; but, secondly, that particular moral conclusions can be derived from it.

Logician versus Tribalist

As I said, there is nothing which I can say, as a logician, to refute a really determined tribalist. But perhaps there is something which I can say which will help to make him think otherwise. If moral principles have to be impartial as between persons—if they cannot (logically) contain uneliminable singular terms—then they must apply not only to instances which actually do occur but to instances which might occur. I can therefore say to the tribalist 'Would you say that, if you had a hooked nose, or if you had a black skin?' To say this is to ask him to use his imagination, to put himself in the other man's place; but it may be enough just to ask him to look at the problem from the point of view of an impartial spectator. It is the logical universality of moral judgements which makes this move possible; and it is one which has been constantly used by moralists, from the time of Nathan and King David to the present. I say it is something about the logic of moral words which makes this move possible; but obviously more than logic is required to make the move effective. For the tribalist might, without breaking any logical principle, say 'Yes, I would say just the same if I had a hooked nose; in that case they ought to exterminate me too'. He might say this with impunity; for he would know that he was unlikely himself ever to grow a hooked nose in fact; and therefore he would not be giving moral approval to any act that could harm him personally.

What would prevent him saying this, taking this way out, would be his imagination. Imagination is the faculty which is the foundation of morality—imagination, coupled with the logical principle which I have been maintaining. Neither of itself is sufficient; for if we did not realise that moral principles had to be impartial, it would do no good to think what it would be like to be the other man; whereas if we were unable to imagine ourselves in the other man's place, we might satisfy ourselves with principles which were logically impeccable, like those I have mentioned about hooked noses and black skins. But the two together are lethal to tribalism; and if we want to end tribalism and help our nations to live together in peace and amity, there is nothing more important than to cultivate our imagination.

The answer, then, which I would give to the question with which I started—What moral claims has my country on me, just because it is my country?—is only such claims as I am prepared to allow that other people's countries also have on them. And I think that if all patriots and nationalists were to realise this and act accordingly, the patriotism would be seen to be consistent with peace, and nationalism with international goodwill. If the thesis which I have been defending is right, then moral philosophy has some contribution to make in bringing about this state of affairs.—*Third Programme*

The Geographical Magazine for October (price 2s. 6d.) contains a photogravure supplement consisting of photographs of Hokkaido, Japan's northern island, to illustrate an article on the subject by Fosco Maraini who spent eight years in Japan and recently returned from a visit to the country. Other articles in the same number include one on St. Petersburg by Lady Kelly, 'Climbing the Central Pyrenees' by F. Spencer-Chapman and 'Which Pass did Hannibal Cross?' by Sir Gavin de Beer.

The Geography of Art

(continued from page 644)

become part of it. It is a curious experience, I can assure you, but one worth undergoing. In my own field of research I came from the German Baroque of Saxony at its most exuberant, and had then done some years' work on Italian Baroque painting, before—in 1930—I first visited England. It was a discovery. Few people on the Continent knew about English art then or had studied it. I was able to travel a good deal and started teaching the history of English art. In connection with that I began collecting material on this problem of Englishness. The material grew slowly at first, and much faster when I left Germany and settled in London. By 1941 or 1942, for a course of lectures at Birkbeck College, all this collected material had to take some shape. Immediately after the war I went back to it and this time with a view to making a book of it.

It was then that I came across the only existing book on the subject, a very remarkable book, by the Viennese art historian, Professor Dagobert Frey. It is called (I am translating the title) *The English*

Character as Reflected in English Art, and was published in the middle of the war, in 1942. Yet it is absolutely free of any hostile remarks, let alone any Nazi bias—a completely objective and indeed appreciative book, written with great acumen, sensitivity, and a remarkably wide knowledge. And it confirmed, often to an amazing and almost embarrassing degree, my views, the criteria I had worked out, even the examples I had chosen to illustrate them, though Professor Frey runs through the manifestations of the English character in English art chronologically, from epoch to epoch, whereas I shall here take the liberty of jumping about freely in time.

I shall in every one of these lectures start from a well-known figure, fairly close to us in date, analyse a work or two of his, and then see how their distinguishing qualities recur in the most unexpected periods or contexts. My next point of departure will be Hogarth, after that Reynolds, then the architects of the Perpendicular style, then Blake, and finally Constable.—*Home Service*

Three Poems

To the Bone

A Japanese poet wrote from Tokyo
From under a chill wind and a dirty snow,
That people looked wretched, yet a spring day would
 bring the plum full-blown
 And the land turn heavenly to the bone.

The bone, I thought, is a long way down,
 Below all the sorrow and trash of this town.
Yet I could have trusted his accurate verse
 For a spring day comes, to allay the long curse.

Unlicensed smiles make gay the quarters,
 Warm breezes tease the limbs of their grim porters;
The little virtues frolic with their grown-up crime,
 While rice-fields glimmer with old silver, which
 yesterday was slime.

But the politicians live in their own climate,
 The cold chairs where they incubate
A future spring of plum and peach and cherry, in superb
 mutations
 Blossoming across the blind and ruined nations.
Or will the breeze blow back
 Its old clean meaning to a dirtied word? Sun show
 how black
Is another's heart, dolled up to pass a hurried glance—
 And grant us one more chance?

D. J. ENRIGHT

Living with Animals

Mountain sheep were walking
Over the grass beds
And guillemots diving
Near alder woods,
When I woke this day
To the slant of gulls
On a promontory
Ruled by animals.

You were laughing through hazel
In level sun
Cast on a pool
Of waiting salmon,
Kittiwakes were circling
Around your head
As I heard you sing
Their names to the wood.

Now I watch you walking
Perfectly alive,
A woodlark scaling
The leaves above,
The happiest of voices
Is planting my land,
A rain of fuchsia
Below your hand,
While the hooves I hear
Marauding this day
Loaded with summer
Are moving away

RICHARD MURPHY

The Proclamation

In view of the Detonation,
Of which we have heard reports,
We announce the cancellation
Of the following pursuits:—

Falsehood, which we declare
Is the fear of nakedness.
Hatred, which we declare
Is the projection of our guilt.
Intolerance, which we declare
Is the angry mask of weakness.
Greed, which we declare
Is the first sin of the world.

Because of our great fear of the short war

We, the under-signed, proclaim
A wiser dispensation.
We declare the liberation
Of all political prisoners,
All slave labourers,
The relief of the oppressed
And the rehabilitation of the dispossessed.
We proclaim there are no heresies,
Only opinions,
And beg two thousand mercies
On our sins.
For Thine is the Kingdom.

In pursuance of the above
We declare a state of love.

This proclamation takes effect
From tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow . . .

PETER APPLETON

NEWS DIARY

October 12-18

Wednesday, October 12

Russia criticises Iran's decision to join defence pact between Turkey and Iraq
British and Soviet warships exchange courtesy visits

Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery says in a speech in London that the Western Powers' organisation for war is totally unsuited to modern times

Thursday, October 13

French National Assembly debates situation in Algeria

Labour Party Conference meeting at Margate considers resolution calling for a review of the national insurance scheme

Minister of Agriculture states that as a result of myxomatosis Britain may well be approaching a new phase in agriculture

Friday, October 14

Statement published from Clarence House says that no announcement concerning Princess Margaret's personal future is at present contemplated

Six hundred troops leave Britain by air for Cyprus

Australia and Cuba are elected non-permanent members of the U.N. Security Council

Saturday, October 15

French Government announces formation of a Regency Council for Morocco

The Argentine Government appoints a tribunal to try ex-President Perón

Dr. Thomas Jones, C.H., who was for many years Deputy Secretary to the Cabinet, dies at the age of eighty-five

Sunday, October 16

The Kabaka of Buganda leaves London for home after two years' exile

Members of the all-party conference on Malta arrive in Valetta

The Resident-General in French Morocco sees members of newly-formed Regency Council

Monday, October 17

Programme of new air liners to be built for B.E.A. is announced

Kabaka of Buganda receives big welcome at Kampala

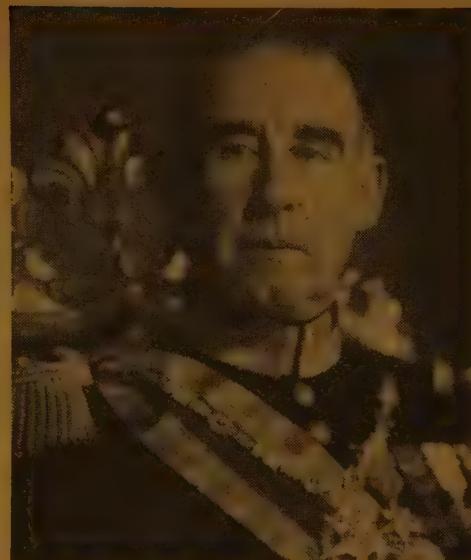
London bus workers decide to press new wage claim

Tuesday, October 18

Prime Minister presides over Cabinet meeting and sees H.M. the Queen on her return from Scotland to London

French National Assembly again debates Algeria

Britain to double contribution to Colombo plan



General Craveiro Lopes, the President of Portugal, and Mme. Lopes, who arrive in London on October 25 for a three-day State visit



Punjabi villagers wading through the flood-waters with the piled on bullock carts. The floods, unprecedented in the state, have caused incalculable damage; over 1,000 people known to have died, hundreds of villages have been washed away, and crops have been ruined



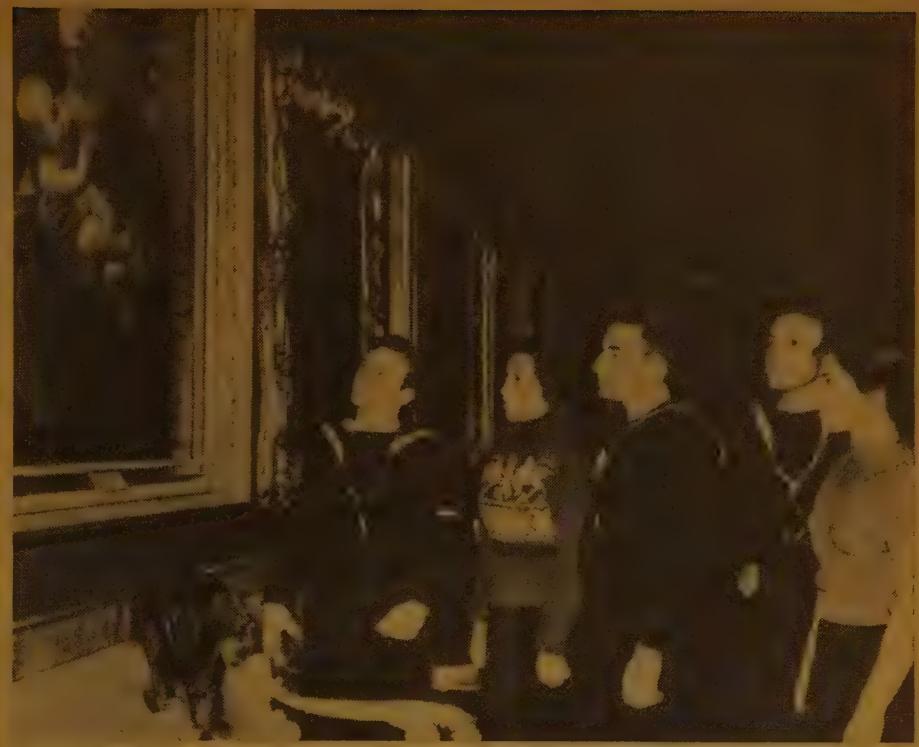
The Kabaka of Buganda, who has been in exile in this country for two years, leaving London airport for home last Sunday. The Kabaka was exiled in 1953 after a difference of view with the British Government



A stand in the exhibition of Steuben glass (from Steuben of New York) now at 45 Park Lane, London. Designers represented in the exhibition include British and European as well as American



Sailors from the Russian naval squadron which made a five-day courtesy visit to this country last week photographed in front of the *Britannia* figurehead at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, on October 14. Crews from the Russian ships spent much time sightseeing both in Portsmouth and London; the ships were open to the public for two days



While Russian warships were visiting England, a Royal Navy squadron, led by the aircraft-carrier *Triumph*, was visiting Leningrad. This photograph shows British sailors in the Hermitage Museum during a sight-seeing tour of the city last week



The Rt. Hon. Hector McNeil, former Minister of State, who died in New York on October 12 at the age of forty-eight. Mr. McNeil first entered Parliament in 1941 as the Labour Member for Greenock and was appointed Foreign Under-Secretary in the Labour government of 1945 in succession to Mr. Noel-Baker. In this office and later as Minister of State under Mr. Ernest Bevin he represented Britain at the United Nations and at many conferences abroad. This photograph shows him, as leader of the British delegation to the United Nations, addressing the General Assembly in 1947. After the General Election of 1950 he was made Secretary of State for Scotland. Mr. McNeil was the youngest Privy Councillor in the kingdom



A photograph taken on the promenade at Eastbourne last week as people enjoyed the 'Indian summer' sunshine

Left: Gordon Pirie (right) who won the 10,000 metres for Great Britain in the athletics match between London and Prague at the White City on October 12, photographed after the race with Emil Zatopek of Czechoslovakia (centre), the triple Olympic champion, who was third, and K. Norris of Great Britain who was second. Four days later, at the international athletics match at Manchester, Pirie beat Zatopek in the 5,000 metres



Steel men take an iron

Three men playing golf — grandfather, father and son. And they have something else in common, too. They are steelworkers at a large works near Glasgow. But they might be in Belgium or Brazil, Canada or France, on any golf course in the world. Wherever golf is played you will find British steel products. Steel in all its forms makes up over 40% of Britain's total exports. And sports goods too play their part in earning foreign currencies for Britain. Even your mid-iron is made of steel. Wherever there is steel there is British steel.

British steel leads the world

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Real Problem of Cyprus

Sir.—My thanks are due to Mr. Robert Archer (THE LISTENER, October 6) for his effective reply to Mr. L. E. Rees (THE LISTENER, September 29). It is reasonably self-evident that troops engaged in maintaining internal security are at a disadvantage if they cannot communicate easily with the local inhabitants. For this reason the British troops in Cyprus are working under a serious handicap. But why so few Cypriots speak English fluently is quite another story. It is also a controversial one. Would it not, by the way, be interesting to learn more of the characteristics of the 'Anglo-Saxon coloniser' of Mr. Rees' experience or imagination?

Mr. Argyriades (THE LISTENER, September 29) has, for his part, imputed to me opinions which I did not express, and do not hold. There is no support for his statement that I represented Britain as posing as a disinterested arbiter between Turkey and Greece. Nor can I believe that this view of Britain's role has been advanced in any responsible circles. I distinctly pointed out, on the other hand, that this country has vital strategical interests in Cyprus with which, in present circumstances, any change of sovereignty would be incompatible.

I was glad to see, however, that Mr. Argyriades mentioned Nato's long-term interests. Is it not possible that, after a period of responsible self-government, Cyprus might acquire some form of Nato status, which would fully safeguard the Hellenism of the Greek Cypriots, but without the hazards and heartbreaks to which questions of national sovereignty give rise?—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.10

T. C. RAPP

Sir.—During the Lausanne Conference, when Turkey demanded the application of self-determination for Western Thrace with a predominantly Turkish population, Greece objected that that principle could not be applied to questions settled by international treaties. So, this over-attachment to self-determination is but a thinly disguised stratagem to have the island of Cyprus transferred from British to Greek sovereignty. Moreover, the Greek treatment of the Turkish minority in Western Thrace has been anything but exemplary. Under systematic and cold-bloodedly carried out programmes Thracian Turks have been oppressed and deprived of their land holdings to make room for Greek settlers.

In the past, Turkish-Hellenic friction invariably had its source in the Greek minorities in Turkey and Turkish minorities in Greece. This thorn in the side of Greco-Turkish relationship was removed by the exchange of minorities in 1922. A Cyprus under Greek rule, with its 100,000 Turkish inhabitants, one-fifth of the total population (not a small "moslem" minority but a powerful Turkish minority), would resuscitate the former Greco-Turkish wrangling over minorities, thereby wrecking the Turkish-Hellenic friendship of today, which is the corner-stone of peace in the Eastern Mediterranean.

As for the Dodecanese islands, at a time when certain South American states have extended their territorial waters to 200 miles, the Turks do not regard the fate of those islands, some only half a mile from the Turkish mainland, as permanently settled. Already voices have been

raised in some influential Turkish dailies in favour of a Greco-Turkish condominium for them.

A few words about the behaviour of the Greek Orthodox Church of Cyprus: it is not becoming, to say the least, for the servants of the Prince of Peace, particularly when promoting a 'just' claim, to indulge in pyrotechnics and egg on the Cypriot Greeks to massacre their Turkish compatriots, fixing and announcing beforehand a date for it; to say nothing of their ungodly readiness to align themselves with communism.

Yours, etc.,

Ankara, Turkey

S. SIBER

The French Crisis in North Africa

Sir.—Mr. Bickham Sweet-Escott cannot have it both ways. On the one hand he is pointing out, quite fairly, that many countries other than Colonial Powers have responsibilities for under-developed peoples. A Belgian resolution has been tabled in the United Nations for the Assembly to consider problems of indigenous peoples everywhere. That resolution has the support of our Government, and, presumably, of the French.

On the other hand, Mr. Sweet-Escott is defending the French objections to Algeria's being debated by the United Nations on the ground that Algeria is legally a part of France and not a colony. The Moslems of Algeria therefore correspond to the Indians of North and South America and the backward minority peoples of the Soviet Union.

We must decide whether we take the view that the world community has responsibilities regarding the welfare of all backward peoples, or none. If none, then the French are correct in their stand on Algeria but must not criticise the Russians for their treatment of Ukrainians or Uzbeks. Such, however, is not the direction in which the more liberal sections of world public opinion are moving.

Yours, etc.,

Harpenden

M. C. LUTON

The Price of Peace

Sir.—In 'The Price of Peace' Sir Llewellyn Woodward argues convincingly against attempts to secure lasting world peace by relying on unlimited national sovereignty, collective security, or pacifism; he admits that the only alternative is a World Government with real powers and a monopoly of armaments. But he goes on to reject this possibility also, in favour, apparently, of a Baldwinian philosophy of 'wait and see'.

While we who believe in the feasibility and necessity of World Government in the near future admit there will be many very serious problems to solve, among them the dangers of the concentration of power, and of jealousies caused by the gross differences of national standards of living, we do not believe that these problems will be in any way solved or mitigated by merely refraining from creating a responsible World Federal Government.

The economic jealousies will increase with any continued divergence of living standards. Indeed any sort of peace will become impossible in a world chronically half rich and half poor. Only action on the scale possible to a World Government can raise the standard of living of the

African, South American, and Asian countries until it is comparable with that of north-western Europe and North America.

The problem of the possible misuse of political power is as great in a world of sovereign nation states as in a world government, and the opportunities for imposing and maintaining arbitrary and tyrannical rule are much greater.

So eminent a political historian as Sir Llewellyn must know that one of the most effective subterfuges which can be employed by a potential tyrant is the justification of his unconstitutional actions by the threat of danger from allegedly hostile nations.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

BRUCE RITCHIE

Ethics and Politics

Sir.—In his first talk on the question, 'Can I be blamed for obeying orders?' Mr. Hare is trying to show how fruitful the method of linguistic analysis can be in the field of morals and politics. In this he signally fails, for his analysis of the problem is incomplete and he misrepresents the philosophers—none of them, incidentally, linguistic analysts—to whom he refers.

The problem is indeed an important one and arose in such contexts as the trial of generals, high civil servants, etc., at Nürnberg. The case made out for not blaming some of these people was that there were overwhelmingly strong reasons for their decision to obey. These can be listed:

- The subordinate's limited knowledge of the whole situation.
- Heavy penalties threatened for disobedience.
- The practical futility of disobedience as others would have executed the orders.
- The importance of obedience in all civilised communities. (If we submitted every issue, from paying taxes and saluting officers to shooting hostages or executing alleged criminals, to our own individual judgement instead of deciding to submit to properly constituted authority, chaos would ensue.)

Of these points Mr. Hare deals adequately only with the first; the second he pushes aside and the others he does not mention. But surely these are the live issues involved in the question. Instead, Mr. Hare deals with the much more academic and artificial question of whether people make a decision at all when they obey authority. He is surely right in affirming that this is so but was it really necessary to argue it at length? Is the habit of obedience so automatic in most of us?

If we want a clear and incisive statement about the unavoidability of making moral decisions we can do no better than turn to Kant. But his arguments are founded not on linguistic analysis, as Mr. Hare seems to imply, but on his conception of man as endowed with practical reason. (This is not the place to expound this view further; I can only refer to Kant's ethical writings.)

The misrepresentations of Plato are more glaring:

- The philosopher king is not supposed to guide all the actions of the citizens so that by obeying they will necessarily live blameless lives. All that is required is a broad constitutional framework and a good educational



In many branches of light engineering today, gear wheels and pinions made of nylon are giving reliable service under conditions which would be fatal to metal.

Great is the resistance of nylon — to shock, abrasion, corrosion, or sheer wear and tear.

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the motor and other industries. I.C.I.'s nylon monofilament, in the form of tufts,

is doing stout work on toilet and industrial brushes and, as strings, in tennis racquets.

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And new uses are continually being discovered for this tough and versatile material.

Thus, and in a thousand kindred ways, I.C.I.'s research and production are serving the Nation.



system. Detailed legislation is useless and the sign of a badly constructed state (see, for instance, *Republic*, 427).
 b) The philosopher is, in a sense, like the engineer, only concerned with means. His goal is made quite clear; it is the happiness of the community and, of course, of its individual members (see *Republic*, 421).
 c) It is true that the ideal state may in fact degenerate through mistakes made in the production of the philosopher king. This will be immediately evident through the lack of happiness, harmony, etc., in the state. There is no question of wondering if the ruler is wrong because he has been produced in the wrong way. The working out of the form the good life should take is an intellectual process, which is repeatable by anybody who has the intelligence and the training. (After all, we trust the engineer not only because the bridges he built in the past have not fallen down, but because we believe that he does not work by obscure intuition but by methods which can be checked.)

I am, of course, not saying that Plato is right. It may be right to refute him but it might help Mr. Hare in his analytical labours to get the facts right. Having said all this I wonder what remains of Mr. Hare's case and of the alleged fruitfulness and practical relevance of his method.—Yours, etc.,

H. PETER RICKMAN

How Does Psycho-analysis Work?

Sir,—Mr. Eliot Slater raises the sombre question as to whether psycho-analysis works at all. May I raise the more sombre question as to whether psychotherapy of any kind works at all?

T. A. Ross (*The Common Neuroses*, second edition, page 12) made the honest confession that 'cure was not of itself a criterion of much value in determining the validity of theory'. He believed that the important factor was the faith of the physician in the system he used. When faith got weaker, fewer patients got better. Henderson and Gillespie (*Text-book of Psychiatry*, sixth edition, page 216) examined the recovery and improvement rate of several diverse systems, including psycho-analysis. They found a startling uniformity. The authors allow that the figures 'suggest that some biological constant was present which provided a recovery and improvement rate of a fairly constant kind, independently of therapeutic efforts'. It is only fair to say that the authors then rallied to a defence of psychotherapy, admitting, however, that 'spontaneous recoveries occur in a fair percentage of cases'.

More devastating still are the results of a study by H. J. Eysenck (*The Scientific Study of Personality*, page 29). According to his figures, the improvement rate for psycho-analysis is 44 per cent.; for eclectic psychotherapy 64 per cent.; and for custodial treatment or treatment by G.P.s 72 per cent. Eysenck concludes that 'the more psychotherapy, the smaller the recovery rate!'. One wonders whether one exclamation mark is quite enough. Again, it is only fair to say that the author adduces certain qualifications of the statistics, but they do not affect the main conclusion.

I suggest that the error lies with a fundamental misconception of the nature of man.

Yours, etc.,
 KENNETH MACKENZIE

Sir,—Mr. Nigel Walker, in his interesting and impressive talk on psycho-analysis (THE LISTENER, October 6), described the view that 'psycho-analysis was simply a means of enabling people to recognise unpalatable facts

about themselves and regulate their behaviour accordingly' as an echo of the Delphic Apollo's *γνῶθι σεαυτόν*.

There are good reasons for thinking that *γνῶθι σεαυτόν* means 'know yourself for what you are', i.e., a mortal, not a god or superman, i.e., be not presumptuous or arrogant. In so far as this is an unpalatable truth, Mr. Walker's statement is correct. But it should be pointed out, in order to avoid misunderstanding, that the doctrine prescribes a general standard of behaviour, and has no reference to any exploration of the individual mind, conscious or unconscious, such as is employed in psycho-analysis. It could not well have such reference, since the 'mind', in that sense, had not yet been invented! I think I am right in saying, incidentally, that the first explicit description of the mind as having parts functionally distinct occurs in Plato's *Republic*.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.20

J. H. KELLS

The Low Price of Books

Sir,—I have read with some amazement Roye McCoye's letter in THE LISTENER of October 13, but even the letter did not surprise me quite as much as your caption, 'the high price of books'. As the director of a non-commercial organisation, I have no commercial axe to grind, and indeed I would be willing to criticise publishers on many grounds, but never on the grounds that they are profiteering. I cannot accept that books are expensive, and, as a matter of interest, I have been through the lists of the four publishers whose books were especially brought to scorn by your correspondent, and I came to the conclusion that if Longmans had published *The Whispering Gallery* in 1939 they would have charged 15s. for it; if Cassell's had published *The Crownings Privilege* in the same year they would have charged 10s. 6d. for it; if Geoffrey Bles had published *Surprised by Joy* they would then have charged 10s. 6d. for it; and Heinemann's *Boswell on the Grand Tour* would have been anything around 18s. 6d. or 21s.

This shows a general increase in book prices of something like 50 per cent. since the beginning of the war. As I write this I am smoking the last cigarette from a packet of twenty which in 1939 would have meant the last of 11½d., but now means the last of 3s. 7d.—the 1955 price is, in fact, with cigarettes as with so many commodities, almost 400 per cent. of the 1939 price. In the book trade, as in every other trade, production costs, distribution costs, and wages have had to go up in order to meet the increased costs of cigarettes—and food and rent.

My cigarette has now gone out forever, has been sucked and discarded like your correspondent's orange. *The Whispering Gallery*, *The Crownings Privilege*, *Surprised by Joy*, and *Boswell on the Grand Tour* are still on my shelves and will be there for many years. Frankly, I think they are remarkable value for money.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

J. E. MORPURGO
 Director, National Book League

[We have adjusted our caption to describe the views of our correspondent.—Editor, THE LISTENER]

Matthew Arnold

Sir,—I should like to protest against the tone and manner of the review of J. D. Jump's book on Matthew Arnold in THE LISTENER of October 13. Your reviewer is of course at liberty to disagree with Mr. Jump's evaluation of Arnold's poetry. But instead of giving any indication why this should be regarded as an 'aberration' (the case is well argued and includes a perceptive and admiring account of 'Dover Beach') he uses his space for a demonstration of his own superiority

to 'provincial academic' critics. It is only by serious misrepresentation that he contrives to suggest that there is something grudging and denigratory in Mr. Jump's attitude to Arnold, who is in fact described as 'sane, confident, urbane, and fair-minded... free from any compulsion to crush his notions into a system... the central man of letters of his age': that fairly gives the tone of the book. Since I am mentioned in Mr. Jump's preface, and since I also am 'secure behind the red-brick ramparts of a provincial university' (whatever that may mean), perhaps I have my own bias in favour of a book that I read with enjoyment and appreciation; but I am sure that I am not alone in finding the review uncritical and offensive.

Yours, etc.,

Bristol

L. C. KNIGHTS

The Novelist's Use of People

Sir,—I should like to suggest Walter Allen, in his talk on 'The Novelist's Use of People' (THE LISTENER, October 6), has not been entirely fair or accurate in his references to what he calls 'the school of Knights' (i.e., critics who accept the approach to drama and the novel formulated in 'How Many Children Had Lady Macbeth?', the essay which Professor L. C. Knights wrote in 1933). According to this school, Mr. Allen tells us, 'we may not, it seems, invoke "reality" when discussing a character; we may not say he is "alive" or "living"'.

Mr. T. S. Eliot (who I think would generally be regarded as father of the school in question) has observed: 'A "living" character is not necessarily "true to life". It is a person whom we can see and hear, whether he be true or false human nature as we know it' (see the essay on Philip Massinger in *Selected Essays*); and Dr. Leavis—recognised by Mr. Allen as another member of the 'school'—has found this observation of Eliot's worth quoting in connection with Conrad's presentation of character (*The Great Tradition*, page 196). In fact Messrs. Eliot, Leavis, and Knights have never denied that an essential part of the job of a dramatist or novelist is to create 'living' characters—people, as Eliot says, 'whom we can see and hear'. What these critics have insisted on is that the author's presentation of a character cannot be properly understood without reference to the total pattern of the play or novel concerned: the impact which a character makes on our minds is (or should be) part of the total experience which that play or novel communicates.

Mr. Allen in his talk praises the eighteenth-century writer Maurice Morgann as 'the first critic to concern himself with character'. But surely Professor Knights was quite right in condemning Morgann as one of the first of a number of critics who have made the mistake of considering character in isolation from the play or novel as a whole. Morgann in his essay on Falstaff tried to prove from Shakespeare's 'Henry IV' that Falstaff was not a coward but a gentleman; yet according to the total pattern of both parts of 'Henry IV' it is quite clear (as Dover Wilson and E. M. W. Tillyard have shown) that Falstaff is intended as a 'symbol' of moral disorder: the whole point is missed if one refuses to see that Falstaff is presented as a coward. (Actually Dr. Johnson, writing eleven years before Morgann, also had something to say about the character of Falstaff, and what Johnson says is much more relevant because controlled by a response to Shakespeare's two plays as a whole.) Considering character in isolation therefore may lead both to a failure to see just in what way a character is 'alive' and also to a misinterpretation of the total work.—Yours, etc.,

Kingston-on-Thames

P. A. FLETCHER

Marcel Proust: the Novelist of Memory

By J. M. COCKING

MARCEL PROUST, like Bernard Shaw, used to read the statements that were printed about himself very carefully, and then write to the authors and ask them to put them right. If he were alive now we might have had one of his interminable and hair-splitting letters complaining about the title of this talk. It would hardly satisfy him to call him not just 'a novelist of memory' but 'the novelist of memory'. When Scott Moncrieff translated the title of his book—*A la recherche du temps perdu*—as *Remembrance of Things Past*, Proust protested that *that* was not it at all. His remembrance, he claimed, showed that the past which seemed lost and wasted was, in fact, neither. He was one of those people who believed, as he put it, that 'our real life lies in some dimension outside life'; not, he said, in an after-life—the experiences he claimed to call 'eternal' were experiences he had had himself. They were 'eternal' not because they were everlasting but because when he had them he lost all sense of past, present, and future, and seemed to be living in a timeless world.

He believed himself to share such experiences with other great artists, and he thought it is the nature of art to communicate them. He also believed that his own originality lay in connecting the experiences with a particular kind of memory—sometimes called 'involuntary' memory, sometimes 'affective' or 'sensation' memory. According to the book he wrote, the whole of the childhood episodes of *Remembrance of Things Past* arose out of an involuntary memory; a taste remembered from childhood, a vivid and typical sensation, enables Marcel, the person who tells the story, to bring up a great sequence of submerged experience.

This incident in Marcel's story—the 'madeleine' incident—it is usually called because the sensation, the taste, was that of a *madeleine*, a sort of little cake, dipped in tea—this incident is to be taken as symbolically rather than literally true. If involuntary memories were enough to create great art, a good many more people would be artists; something like Proust's experience is not uncommon. But uncommon to the point of genius was the mind to which these experiences occurred; Proust had the sensibility of a poet, the critical, though perhaps not the creative, intelligence of a philosopher, and a scientist's interest in minute observation. He also had—though again he might not have thanked me for saying so—an ordinary memory which was outstandingly retentive and capacious; a memory for facts, ideas, scraps of gossip, tricks of speech and behaviour. He also had insight into the tricks and subterfuges of his own mind in its attempt to come to terms with life, and into the tricks and subterfuges of other people: though I would say, in the case of other people, that he understood only such mental workings as were more or less like his own.

He was steeped in Romantic literature, and as a young man had been stirred by all the Romantic longings and excitements; by the belief that there were wonderfully exciting places if only one could get

there, wonderfully exciting people if only one could meet them. Above all, there was the dream of Romantic love, and this, too, he had had. But all these dreams had failed to materialise, and, by the time he wrote his great novel, he thought he had seen through the mere machinery of every Romantic exaltation except what he called the 'real life' of that 'other dimension'. And his ambition, when he wrote his book, was tremendous. He wanted to record his own sense of that other dimension, he wanted to blow the gaff about the other exaltations of life of which he claimed to see the fraudulence, and he wanted to include as much as possible of what he had understood about the superficial pantomime of life in society as contrasted with the mystery of the depths of personality. He loved sensuous pleasure and sensuous beauty; he loved understanding things and people. He did not, I think, much love people except those he depended on. He hero-worshipped a little outside literature when he was young—one of his schoolmasters, for instance, an Officer Picquart, the officer who first became convinced of the innocence of Dreyfus when Dreyfus had been falsely accused of spying, cashiered, and sent to Devil's Island. Later, Proust's heroes were all artists. But though, as one can see from the outside, his field was limited, he had a great deal to say and much difficulty, at first, in deciding how to say it.

To put it all adequately into words to reduce to artistic order the almost unmanageable mass of impressions and ideas which he had stored by the age of thirty-five or so, Proust became a recluse. He had always been the victim of his own nerves, and nervous asthma and hay fever had plagued him from the age of nine; he found it difficult, and had gradually been allowed to decide that it was impossible, to live a normal life. He was a homosexual, and ashamed of it; and he took more pleasure in his life than he thought was good for a man's soul. Quietly and almost secretly he was working away at his writing. Some of the manuscripts which he piled up in his attempt



Marcel Proust: a photograph from the exhibition, 'Marcel Proust and his Time', at Wildenstein's

to write a novel before he designed the plan of *Remembrance of Things Past* were published in 1952 as *Jean Santeuil*. But Proust hid these drafts away in his archives; they were not good enough. By the time his mother died in 1905, two years after his father, Proust felt he was still the family failure. In 1906 he shut himself in the bedroom of a flat which was never properly furnished, lined its walls with cork to keep out the noise, wrapped himself in pullovers, filled the air with asthma-cure and lived only for his book—which he wrote at last to his own satisfaction, though he died before he could put the finishing touches to the last three sections of a work which runs to fifteen volumes in the standard edition.

When *Remembrance of Things Past* was at last settling into shape and enough of the text was in presentable form to justify setting up the first part for publication, Proust was hard put to it to describe it to his friends. It was a novel, he told them, and yet not quite a novel.

ross between a novel and a series of memoirs. He told one friend: 'here's a man who tells the story in the first person; there are lots of characters; these are "prepared" in this first volume, that is to say, in the second they will do the exact opposite of what the first volume leads the reader to expect. From the publisher's point of view, fortunately, this first volume is very much less of a story than the second. And as for the plan, it is so complex that it only shows a long way on in the book when all the "themes" have begun to come together.'

Paradoxes like this one about the characters were meant to whet people's interest, but they did not overcome the resistance of publishers' readers, which Proust had by no means underestimated. Three firms rejected the manuscript before Proust persuaded Bernard Grasset to publish the first part at the author's expense. One reader—the manager of Ollendorff's, a man called Humbot—said in his report: 'I may have a blind spot, but I can't understand how a fellow can take thirty pages to describe how he tosses and turns before he goes to sleep.'

Story—and Something Else

The beginning, as Proust said in his letter, is not much in the way of a story. And as Mr. E. M. Forster said in his lectures on the novel: 'Yes—oh dear yes—the novel tells a story'. Proust was one of the first novelists to decide with a clear mind that a novel may do something else. This is a liberty which was later much abused and produced no end of drivel without even a good story to hold it together, but it also allowed the writing of some of the most interesting novels from Proust's day to this. In Proust's case, once the reader has stopped looking for what is not there, and has opened his mind to the fascination of the infinite variety of what is, the book becomes something better than a story: it becomes a life, a personal world, partly seen through Proust's eyes as he lived it, but largely interpreted, weighed, patterned, its parts shaped and dovetailed to produce something which is coherent at once for imagination and intelligence. Like all great works of imagination, it is another world than this, and yet one which has an obvious bearing on this. For the Proustian, to open a volume of his novel is to take a holiday in a different and delightful mental climate. The air is mostly bracing; but sometimes rather fetid—and, at least once, it smells of brimstone:

Learning Proust's language takes a certain amount of trouble. I do not mean just that the reader has to know French and know it well, but that Proust's whole way of expressing himself is unfamiliar and complicated. In the English translation, as well as in the original, the reader has to get used to a new way of looking at things, with more detail and more completeness than our ordinary turns of phrase can easily transmit. He has often been called obscure; but obscurity is not the same as difficulty. He does not string words or images together so as to rely on the impression and leave our appetite for clear and logically arranged statements unsatisfied. His language speaks to the intelligence, but it speaks subtly. Though his terms are logically arranged, he often sacrifices logical simplicity to something else: the chronological order in which the terms are to make their impact on the mind, for instance, or—perhaps above all—the rhythm. There are moments of irritation when we find passages which have all the tricks and tortuousness with none of the rewards; but it is a language which can be learned, and is worth learning for the many rewards which are there.

Disconcerting Beginning

The beginning of the novel is disconcerting. Instead of a story, it suggests that a discussion is about to begin of psychology or philosophy. Some readers look for too much philosophy; if they are philosophers, they find Proust's philosophy disappointing, and if they are not, they grow frightened. When Proust says: 'A sleeping man has round him in a circle the succession of hours, the order of years and worlds', the reader may feel shy of yet another abstract and probably crack-brained theory of time. What Proust means is that all our past is stored in our memory—at an equal distance from consciousness, the years of our existence, the various 'worlds' or climates of experience in which we have lived, like holidays by the sea or love-affairs, are not stored in the memory in chronological order, at different distances, more or less faded; dreams—or involuntary memories—may select any part of our past for total recall and vivid re-creation. Proust says this weightily and impressively because he finds it mysterious and important; but it is also familiar. And, as literature so often

does, Proust's presentation of the familiar gives it back the freshness and fascination which too long familiarity has dulled.

But certainly an effort is needed to enjoy Proust, and most at the beginning. As Proust said, the themes become clear only when he begins to wind them up. Some people hold that all fifteen volumes need to be read twice: once to find out what they are all about, and once to find out what is being said about these topics. Who is the hero? First we meet the narrator, Marcel, talking about himself and his own past. In his past we meet Swann, who increases in importance and is soon in the middle of the picture. Then Swann recedes and makes way for Marcel again, but from another part of Marcel's past comes Palamède, Baron de Charlus, who moves to the foreground in turn. Around these three figures are grouped a mass of characters, who seem to be presented simply because they happened to come into Marcel's ken at a particular moment rather than because they are related in the way a novel's characters are usually related; there is apparently no plot, no drama to give them their parts to play.

This apparent lack of relevance is what makes parts of the book read like memoirs rather than a novel. Some of these secondary characters have a sentimental importance for Marcel, or Swann, or Charlus, but a good many have not. Sometimes we see a character refracted and blurred through the narrator's feelings about the character: Albertine is the most famous of these. We never see anything like a real Albertine whom we might ourselves recognise if we met her; we see only the succession of mirages which Marcel's imagination created round her. On the other hand, we do see a real Baron de Charlus; I mean that Marcel does not say: 'This was the unreal person my imagination created'; he says: 'This is what the man really was like'. Here again there are unusual complications; it is only gradually that Marcel discovers the various sides of the Baron's personality, and some of these contradict the assumptions which the reader has already been allowed to make.

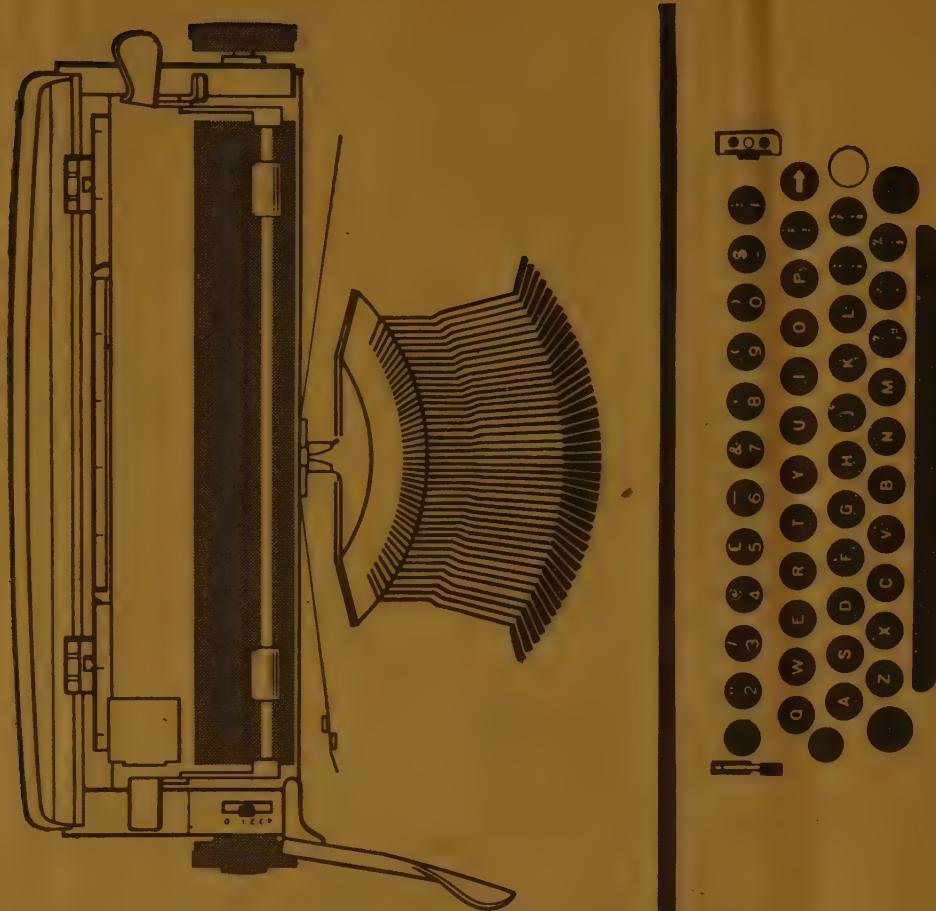
The Eternity of Art

Three important characters; three stories. What links the three to make a single novel, other than that unity of time which is also the unity of memoirs? Swann, Charlus, and Marcel have a good deal in common, but the unity of the book does not lie in their similarities. It lies in the discovery by Marcel—and by Marcel only—of the meaning of all their sufferings; Marcel is the only one of the three to progress from the worship of what Proust considered false to the worship of what he considered true; his eternity—the eternity, not of religion, but of art. Thibaudet once said of nineteenth-century French literature that it began, in Chateaubriand, with the poetry of religion, and ended with the religion of poetry. *Remembrance of Things Past* is the Proustian theology of the religion of art; but it manages—as I hope I suggested earlier—to be a number of other things besides.

Proust's work is both dated and enduring; enduring like all the great classics, with its recognisable truths and its pleasantly simplifying half-truths; but having already some of the quaintness of a period-piece. The social life he describes is already a long way away in its particulars, however much its general qualities may be found repeated in new social contexts; and the distance in time is increased by the further distance interposed by Proust's imagination. It is a most fascinating experience to visit the remarkable Proust Exhibition organised by the French Embassy at the Wildenstein Gallery*. The portraits—so often seen reproduced in biographies or studies of Proust—bring to life the time he lived in and the circles he moved in; Proust himself, painted by Jacques Emile Blanche; Comte Robert de Montesquieu, who was the model for Charlus; portraits and photographs of Proust's family and friends; things he owned; letters he wrote; a photograph and a painting of Illiers, which was the centre of his real childhood. All these are, so to speak, his raw materials. Then comes the working-up: the manuscript of *Jean Santeuil*, parts of the manuscript of *Contre Sainte-Bernard* and of *A la recherche du temps perdu* itself. There is a portrait of its devoted translator, Scott Moncrieff. The most moving exhibits are the water-colours by Dunoyer de Segonzac and the etching by Helleu of Marcel Proust on his death-bed.

This is, in fact, a Proustian month. Mr. Hopkins' translation of *Jean Santeuil* was published at the end of last month†; the *London Magazine* has an October number coming out with some hitherto unpublished texts of Proust; and there is to be a special Proust number of the bilingual review *Adam*. Only one thing will be missing: Proust's account of the doings of this Proustian month.

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Baudelaire as Art Critic

By SIR HERBERT READ

IT is often said that no form of writing is so ephemeral as art criticism; and one has to be careful, in writing about contemporary art, not to be dominated by a sense of ultimate futility. But such despair is not justified, and I know of no better proof of this than Baudelaire's art criticism, written about a hundred years ago, and now for the first time adequately presented in an English edition*. It will be said that Baudelaire is unique—that he was a poet who abolished the distinction between creation and criticism, and who knew (he alone) how to transform his *volupté* into *connaissance*. Baudelaire is certainly unique, but not in this respect—in France, Gautier and Mérimée had the same faculty; and in England, Ruskin (if we no longer read Ruskin, it is a reflection on our own dullness of sensibility, and not on his continuing vitality). Baudelaire's uniqueness consists not in his method, but in certain *idées fixes* to which he returned in almost every article he wrote. 'We are living in an age in which it is necessary to go on repeating certain platitudes', he wrote, 'in an arrogant age which believes itself to be above the misadventures of Greece and Rome'. We may not now be so confident of ourselves, but we still live in the same age—the age of 'steam, electricity, and gas—miracles unknown to the Romans—whose discovery bears full witness to our superiority over the ancients'.

Of the informing ideas that still give Baudelaire's criticism such vitality, three seem to stand out as immediately relevant. The first is his rejection of the concept of progress—'this gloomy beacon, invention of present-day philosophising, licensed without guarantee of Nature or of God—this modern lantern throws a stream of darkness upon all the objects of knowledge; liberty melts away, discipline vanishes. Any one who wants to see his way clear through history must first and foremost extinguish this treacherous beacon. This grotesque idea, which has flowered upon the rotten soil of modern fatuity, has discharged each man from his duty, has delivered each soul from its responsibility and has released the will from all the bonds imposed upon it by the love of the Beautiful'. The idea of progress was based on the achievements of nineteenth-century science and industry—already associated by Baudelaire with America—and even for this material notion of progress there is no guarantee—it is a form of credulity. But transported into the sphere of the imagination the idea of progress 'takes the stage with a gigantic absurdity, a grotesqueness which reaches nightmare heights'. And then Baudelaire goes on to point out, what is always so evident to any student of the history of art, that genius is not governed by any laws of progress. 'Every efflorescence is spontaneous, individual.... The artist stems only from himself'.

Development within the Individual Artist

Baudelaire did not deny the existence of development within the individual artist—on the contrary, he was much concerned to trace such a development in the case of a painter like Delacroix. Nor did Baudelaire deny the existence of 'the laws which shift artistic vitality'. He was well aware of 'that curious law which presides over the destinies of great artists, and which wills it that, as life and understanding follow opposing principles of development, so they should win on the swings what they lose on the roundabouts, and thus should tread a path of progressive youth and go on renewing and reinvigorating themselves, growing in boldness to the very brink of the grave'. Baudelaire was, of course, anything but a reactionary. He explained and defended the most experimental art of his day, and was content to leave the final judgement to Time.

The most experimental art of his day was Romanticism—it still is. 'To say the word Romanticism is to say modern art—that is, intimacy, spirituality, colour, aspiration towards the infinite, expressed by every means available to the arts'. Baudelaire is nowhere more vital, and nowhere more relevant to our present preoccupations, than in his attack on realist art. As Mr. Mayne says in his excellent introduction, 'Realism (associated by him with Positivism) was for Baudelaire a flat negation of the Imagination—it was little less than a blasphemy; hence his somewhat curious coupling of the names of Ingres and Courbet, both of

whom he regarded as having sacrificed the imaginative faculty on the altars of other gods—"the great tradition" and "external nature", respectively'. Painting for Baudelaire was above all *evocation*—'a magical operation (if only we could consult the hearts of children on the subject!), and when the evoked character, when the reanimated idea has stood forth and looked us in the face, we have no right—at least it would be the acme of imbecility—to discuss the magician's formulae of evocation'. Baudelaire, as Mr. Mayne points out, comes very near to the doctrine of the creative imagination as developed by Coleridge in the *Biographia Literaria*, and Coleridge in England and Baudelaire in France (Schelling in Germany), these are the prime sources of a romantic philosophy. For Baudelaire imagination is a *cardinal* faculty, 'the queen of truth'. 'It is both analysis and synthesis.... It is sensitivity.... It is imagination that first taught men the moral meaning of colour, of contour, of sound, and of scent. In the beginning of the world it created analogy and metaphor. It decomposes all creation, and with the raw materials accumulated and disposed in accordance with rules whose origins one cannot find save in the furthest depths of the soul, it produces the sensation of newness. As it has created the world (so much can be said, I think, even in a religious sense), it is proper that it should govern it'.

Doctrine of Naivety

I must neglect the practical application of this doctrine (though briefly one might say it involved the rejection of Ingres and the praise of Delacroix) in favour of a brief reference to the third and perhaps the most neglected of Baudelaire's informing ideas—his doctrine of naivety. This crops up in almost everything he wrote—on poetry no less than on painting. Naivety for Baudelaire means 'the dominion of temperament within manner', 'knowledge modestly surrendering the leading role to temperament', and it is 'a divine privilege which almost all are without'. I would say that it is closely related to Keats' conception of 'negative capability'. It does not mean leaving things to chance—there is no pure chance in art, any more than in mechanics. 'A picture is a machine, all of whose systems of construction are intelligible to the practised eye; in which everything justifies its existence, if the picture is a good one; where one tone is always planned to make the most of another; and where an occasional fault in drawing is sometimes necessary, so as to avoid sacrificing something more important'. That something more important—it may be 'truth of movement', fidelity to feeling, but is perhaps that 'absolute emptiness' of which the Zen Buddhists speak. 'Thus, mastery in ink-painting is attained only when the hand, exercising perfect control over technique, executes what hovers before the mind's eye as the mind begins to form it, without there being a hair's breadth between them. Painting then becomes spontaneous calligraphy. Here again the painter's instructions might be: spend ten years observing bamboos, become a bamboo yourself, then forget everything and—paint'†. The opposite to naivety is the 'poncif'—'The "poncif" in conduct and behaviour, which creeps into the life of artists as into their works'. The 'poncif' is the studied effect, the knowing gesture, all that is academic and self-conscious—corrupt consciousness, we might call it. It is the absence of faith and spontaneity, and in it Baudelaire saw the subtle symptom of our decadence.

I have touched upon very few aspects of this fascinating book. It should be the *vade-mecum* of all who aspire to be critics and connoisseurs of art. It is all the more fitted to that purpose in that the publishers have given it a most attractive format, and the editor has tracked down and reproduced eighty-four of the works of art mentioned by Baudelaire, or otherwise relevant to the text.

Among recent art publications are: *Furniture-making in Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century England*, by R. W. Symonds (The Connoisseur, £8 8s. 0d.); *Mobile Design*, by John Lynch (Thames and Hudson, 21s.); *Hieronymus Bosch: the Garden of Delights*, edited with an introduction by Wolfgang Hirsch (Longmans, 30s.).

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The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Great Crash 1929

By J. K. Galbraith.

Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.

PROFESSOR GALBRAITH'S theme in this short, lively and eminently readable book is the great American stock exchange collapse of 1929, which ushered in the worldwide slump of the 1930s. If he has nothing very novel to say about it, he tells his story remarkably well, and does the job of debunking the great tycoons and the reputedly great economists and politicians with admirable gusto. What remains the astonishing thing about the collapse is not that it occurred but what led up to it—the mania of speculation that drove up the prices of common stock—equities—out of all relation to actual or even possible income yields and set a million persons or so gambling wildly in the hope of getting rich quick by capital gains.

It is not at all surprising that professional stock market operators seized the occasion for an orgy of company-boosting, especially in the form of so-called 'investment trusts', or that the monetary authorities, when they had ceased to abet the boom by easy money, stood by and did nothing for fear of precipitating a crisis, even when they knew it to be inevitable in the long run. Nor is it surprising that so many reputedly honest men were exposed as sheer swindlers after they had been caught up in the whirl of speculative activity. Nor, perhaps, is it very surprising that so many ordinary people rushed in to buy stocks in the hope of making fortunes in a day, though reflection should have told them that what they bought could not be in any real sense worth what they promised to pay for it—for, as Professor Galbraith says, the fortunes were real and spendable while they lasted. What is surprising, and disheartening, is the failure of reputable economists to give any warning of the impending crash, and indeed the repeated assurances of so many of them that no crash need be feared. Was this sheer inability to see the truth, or fear of the personal consequences of declaring it? Partly the one, no doubt, and partly the other. Professor Galbraith pertinently calls what occurred a sort of 'financial McCarthyism'.

In the attempt in his later sections to explain why it all happened he does not go very deep. Two things need explaining—not the crash, but why the boom could go so far unchecked, and why the stock exchange crisis, which did not directly much affect production or employment, led on to the colossal slump of the following years. In effect, his answer to the first of these questions is partly that there was European pressure for easy money, which made the speculative orgy possible, partly that American law and stock exchange practice then put no obstacles in the way of lunatic buying 'on margin' and other illegitimate practices, and partly the abysmal folly and irresponsibility of American financial wizards. The second question he does not allow himself space to answer in enough detail. He points out that there was unsoundness in the American economy of the 1920s quite apart from the speculative boom—above all, the piling up of great wealth in few hands without any parallel advances in wages or farm incomes. These factors, he suggests, might have led to an economic crisis without the speculative fever. He also recognises the importance of international factors—the fall in American overseas investment provoking crisis in Europe and reacting disastrously on American exports, and

so on. But he does not develop these points enough to make out a thorough case. His book is none the less well worth reading, as well as most amusing—a virtue unusual enough in serious economic works to put, one hopes, a large public greatly in his debt.

Hand Coloured Fashion Plates 1770.

1899. By Vyvyan Holland.

Batsford. 42s.

MR. VYVYAN HOLLAND is to be congratulated. This is an admirable book and anyone seeking a present for a friend need look no further—unless the friend happens to have a very decided taste for this subject in which case he will surely have bought the book already. Here is a complete survey of this agreeable minor art, from its beginnings to the time when its glories had departed, and here, together with a scholarly text, is all the information concerning periodicals and sources that a historian or a collector could desire.

Those who are neither historians nor collectors must still be charmed and amused by the insubstantial but elegant performances of the fashion plate artists, by the extraordinary metamorphoses of women and perhaps, above all, by the vision of a tranquil, unruffled, ladylike world in which such exquisite creatures beautifully exist. A few ride sedately, two stand perilously dressed in highly elaborate frills on a highly improbable boat, one draws a long bow and three venture to play an exceedingly quiet game of blind man's buff. As for the rest—the vast majority—they stroll through swept gardens, recline on sofas, converse, touch the keys of an instrument and display themselves—but do not dance—at balls. Their very children are inert (the boys are the most fearful little sissies), the unbelievable clothes that they wear are perfectly safe from harm. It is instructive to compare this idealised world with the world of nineteenth-century photographs; here crinolines are battered and tattered, here ladies have double chins and gentlemen appear to sleep in their clothes, here there is far less beauty and far more character. And yet, it was the photographer who was to replace the maker of fashion plates; perhaps some day we may be given a history of his debut. Meanwhile here is a standard work on a vanished art. It will delight a large public, it even offers something to the captious reviewer who will be pleased to notice that the author confuses G. F. Watts with the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood on page 134 and has overlooked a bad misprint on page 69.

Red for Danger: a History of Railway Accidents and Railway Safety Precautions.

By L. T. C. Rolt.

Bodley Head. 16s.

An accident on the railways of Britain by its very rarity usually brings forth banner headlines. But it was not always thus; neither was the present code of signalling and safety precautions the product of a single master-mind, or a committee. While Robert Stephenson's locomotive the *Rocket* contained nearly all the basic essentials of the modern steam locomotive, signalling was evolved little by little, from the bitter experience of many accidents as the weight, speed, and density of railway traffic grew.

In his latest book Mr. Rolt tells something of this intensely human story, but without the slightest recourse to the sensationalism so often heaped upon disasters that were in many cases

tragic enough without any gloating over terrible details. He tells the story, not as a mere catalogue of human frailty, of acts of forgetfulness of breaches of regulations, and of sheer mischance, but in such a way as to show how each led to the introduction of new safety devices, to more logical procedure, and in certain outstanding cases to Parliamentary legislation. In dealing with events that are inevitably dramatic, and sometimes intensely exciting as the climax is neared, there is a great temptation to an author to over-dramatise the story; but Mr. Rolt has firmly resisted any such snares, and by an immense amount of study of original information in the reports of the Government Inspectors he has built up his entire book on the unshakable foundation of absolute fact. In certain cases he records the actual conversations between the men concerned, as given in their evidence at the subsequent enquiries.

The result is a remarkable book. There are times when one feels the author is going into slightly more detail than the general reader needs; but the lessons of successive accidents are brought out with admirable clarity. We read how improvements in signalling apparatus came about; how brakes were developed, and how the need for some form of automatic train control was gradually realised: we read also of relatively minor smashes that became major tragedies due to the burning of gas-lit coaches. Above all, Mr. Rolt pays a richly deserved tribute to the Government Inspecting Officers, who, over a period of more than a hundred years, have done so much to guide railway practice into the channels that today make a British passenger train one of the safest places in the world.

The World of Dew: Aspects of Living Japan.

By D. J. Enright.
Secker and Warburg. 18s.

MR. ENRIGHT is one of the most recent of the succession of literary-minded Englishmen who have taken posts in one of the nearly 500 Japanese universities. After eighteen months he felt obliged to add to the very many books of impressions written about Japan by outsiders. What he offers is in the nature of a scrapbook or notebook, perhaps a more suitable form than anything trying to be more systematic. He speaks of his book's 'confusion of form', and 'dishevelled appearance', and makes no great claims for it. If it is diffuse and chatty, he has, as he says, tried to write honestly, and the directness of his impressions, a little too evidently those of a teacher, do convey a western response to the unsettled post-war and post-occupation atmosphere of Japan. He finds in Japanese tradition 'an animus against the human', and if there is one main conclusion that he draws it is that the Japanese, having tried *shinto*, *bushido*, and *kodo*, the ways of the gods, the warrior, and the emperor, might now try 'the way of the human'. He wishes them, as every humane western liberal must, to free themselves from some of their more cramping traditions, but there is something a shade patronising in his tone, a missionary assumption of superiority, which might be distasteful to a Japanese reader.

An English reader, however, can follow with sympathy these notes about the 'bondage of artifice' in Japanese life and literature. They are exercises of an enquiring mind naturally bent away, it appears, from the formal and esoteric, 'the disciplined and the difficult'. Mr. Enright prefers *Kabuki* to *No*, and the popular colour-prints to 'Zensodden *kakemono*'. He is in his

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iddle thirties, and like some other English writers of his generation appears to back a loose, sprightly, 'popular' kind of writing against what is grave, formal, aristocratic, or 'mannered'. And why not? But a breezy approach lead to the uttering of such a dubious and unlikeable saying as that 'the effects of the atom bomb forced the Japanese to realise that they were . . . simply flesh and blood and all mortal'. While it is all very well to be against cruelty, obscurantism, militarism, and excessive formality in the traditions and habits of a race remote from one's own, it is not easy to see how the mere advocacy of a rejection of tradition in favour of a vague 'humanity' can help the Japanese much at this time in their life as a nation; but it is to Mr. Enright's credit that he is alert in recognising how difficult for individual Japanese is the present phase in which they find themselves, difficult politically, economically, culturally, and ideologically.

Modern Types. By Geoffrey Gorer and Ronald Searle. Cresset Press. 8s. 6d. This wise and witty little volume will undoubtedly find its place on many a Christmas present list, for the combination of Mr. Gorer's penetrating pen with Mr. Searle's devastating drawings is almost irresistible. *Modern Types*, like La Bruyère's *Les Caractères*, presents us with a cross-section of society—this time that of post-war Britain—and by means of imaginary portraits the author holds up the mirror to many of us. Here is Lady Something, the wife of an ex-Colonial Governor, who is now bravely facing the rigours of a servant-less home, and though Miss Bullock, who 'has a way with animals', and Esme who is mad about the Ballet. But readers of *Punch* will undoubtedly recognise many of these character sketches, written with such verve and insight by one of our social anthropologists.

Mr. Gorer achieves remarkable results in these imaginary portraits because he has just the right amount of malice mingled with pity, and he understands human nature. But what a sad picture of society is depicted in *Modern Types*! We are a long way from the exuberant and passionate characters of the first Elizabethan age when we consider the lonely figure of the typical spinster Miss Francesca, who lives for birds and cats and yet delights in reading about how other animals are tortured. And we have all met men like the Rev. Basil Lamb, whose proudest boast is that, 'when he is not dressed in canonicals, nobody takes him for a clergyman'. The drawings by Ronald Searle admirably illustrate each portrait, and are worthy of the best traditions of St. Trinian's.

Golden Interlude

By Janet Dunbar. Murray. 18s.

Himalayan Barbary. By Christoph von Eurer-Haimendorf. Murray. 21s. These two books are, at first sight, strangely similar. Both are concerned with travels in India. In both, the central subject is a visit—in the case of *Himalayan Barbary*, that of a brilliant Austrian anthropologist and his English wife; in the case of *Golden Interlude*, that of the Eden sisters who shared the 'public grandeur and private discomfort' of their brother, Lord Auckland, during his Governor-Generalship in India from 1836 to 1842. Moreover, in both, India is presented as primitive, strange and new. At this point, however, the likeness abruptly ends. To the Eden sisters, the visit was merely one long banishment from the England they adored. They found nothing in India to like or love—'Looking at India dispassionately, I now really think I hate it more than at first', wrote Emily the elder—and in the journals which they kept,

there is a perfect reflection of this cold insulation, their pathetic shrinkage from all that was India and their constant resort to British trivialities to cure their boredom. In this respect they were perhaps no better and no worse than the majority of British women who passed their days in this delightful land. In her book, Miss Dunbar has vividly paraphrased these journals—one of them hitherto quite unknown and commendably discovered by her; but all her briskness hardly suffices to efface the conclusion: 'How sad that two intelligent women should have travelled so far and gained so little!'

Against the Edens' sterile aloofness, Dr. Haimendorf stands in sharp relief. His book describes two expeditions made in 1944 and 1945 to the Apa Tani valley, a tribal territory bordering the northern frontiers of Assam. This had never been previously explored and indeed, prior to his coming, nothing at all was known of the Apa Tani and their codes of behaviour. Dr. Haimendorf patiently investigated their customs and psychology and thus made feasible the gradual opening-up of communications with Assam proper and the extension of Indian political control. His book gives a quite exceptional account of life among this wise and fascinating people but, at the same time, goes a great deal further. His vivid, tranquil English introduces us to a highly attractive personality and we can realise how truly fortunate for India was his choice as explorer, ambassador and friend. A passionate respect for tribal life, a reverent curiosity, courage, patience and gentleness—all these qualities appear again and again in his pages, resulting in a narrative of unusual sincerity and charm.

The Making of the English Landscape By W. G. Hoskins.

Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.

Dr. Hoskins has the touch of genius. He possesses its single-minded, life-consuming concentration of intention and its rare quality of seeing the commonplace in a new light. We have all looked at roads, hedgerows and fields; looked, yet never seen them as Dr. Hoskins sees them. Behind these common things he discerns generations of men, those ordinary men and women as numerous and as anonymous as the sands of the sea, whose sole memorials lie in the English landscape. By combining an acute topographical sense with an historian's scholarship, he gives substance to the empty names of charters. It was by this still living bank of a Devon lane that the Abbot of Exeter's men dug the boundary to their new land, given to them by Athelstan; the road down which the restless traffic moves from Birmingham to Oxford was first stamped out by men in Bronze Age times as they drove their sheep to fresh pastures; the fossilised beauty of Stamford is due not only to the loveliness of its ancient stone but also to the intransigence of the lords of its manor who, in the nineteenth century, would permit no building for fear that their influence on its parliamentary representation might be diminished. The casual oddities noticed in a passing car—the great width of the Marlborough main street; Market Harborough's parish church springing straight from the market place without a yard for its dead; the monotonously even gradients of Watling Street—all are explained. Behind each is a twist and turn of history. In the topography of each corner of the land lie the lives and passions of men; the evil and greed as well as the charity and benevolence; an indifference to ugliness as well as a delight in beauty.

By using an almost microscopic precision of detail Dr. Hoskins has given new meaning to local studies. He is, however, more than a scholar. He is a man of deep feeling, a Thomas Hardy at large in the field of history. When he is stirred

by his sense of the past, he writes uncommonly well and most movingly. And like most men of intense vision and strong feeling he has his blind spots. The Industrial Revolution and all its works are an anathema to him. He finds a little grudging praise for canals, railways, and the occasional drama of industry, but in general the marks of industry are wounds, scars, boils, a corrupt disease eating the heart out of the once beautiful English landscape. Yet few can doubt that medieval peasants or eighteenth-century cottagers would have jumped at the chance of a council house. How wise would have been their choice! And if Dr. Hoskins would look carefully at the gardens of the well spaced, admirably designed housing estates of one of the towns he knows well—Leicester—he will find far more beauty than in many a ramshackle cottage. Furthermore the growth of industrial towns has created many handsome suburbs that compare very favourably with many villages, medieval, Tudor or Georgian. Also his intense concentration on the history of landscape makes him ignore at times other factors which controlled its making.

Essentially Dr. Hoskins's attitude is nostalgic, an escape from the world of suburbs, motor roads and aerodromes. His reputation, thoroughly deserved, springs, however, partly from the fact that many who create critical opinion detest the world in which they find themselves. Although one may regret the revulsion Dr. Hoskins feels for the scientific and industrial world, yet one can only admire its results. In his own way he has made a science of nostalgia and permanently enriched historical writing. Each year sees a new book from his pen for his industry is prodigious. This certainly is one of his best and therefore it is all the more to be regretted that the reproductions are so vile. Most of them are black smudges in which little can be discerned and it is not surprising that the author himself should have mistaken a stream in Polperro for a street.

Conflict Without Malice: an Autobiography by Emanuel Shinwell. Odhams. 21s.

Emanuel Shinwell was born in 1884, in the East End of London. He came up the hard though not the hardest way, having no regular schooling after he was eleven. Brought up to the clothing trade, which was his father's, before he was twenty he had married, been three months out of work as a newly married man, and become a street-corner advocate of socialism, learned from Neil McLean of the old Socialist Labour Party, long M.P. for Govan. At twenty-two he was the youngest member of the Glasgow Trades Council—at that time Trades Councils counted for much more in the policy and battle of the Labour movement than they do today; in 1911, the year of the great strikes, he became paid organiser of the seamen, a job which he held for twenty years, and which brought him into close relationship with the Clyde Workers' Committee and the wartime strikes on the Clyde, and later with the 1919 Forty-Hour Week riots, which produced a prison sentence for him. In 1922 he was elected to Parliament, as an I.L.P. member came up to Westminster with the 'Clydeside Reds', and proposed MacDonald for leadership of the Labour Party against the opposition of Philip Snowden. He held office in 1924 and again in 1929-31, and received a personal request from MacDonald to stay with him in the National Government; this he refused, and had the satisfaction of beating MacDonald by 21,000 votes in the 1935 election. When Churchill took Labour into his government he refused office on principle, much to the indignation of some of his colleagues, and remained a vigorous cam-

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igner on the Left, notably in regard to the veridical Report. From 1945 to 1951 he served as Minister of Fuel—having to grapple with the 1947 fuel crisis—then as War Minister and finally as Minister of Defence. A full and glorious life.

Shinwell writes from memory, not from notes, and his book contains very little 'documentation', other than the text of the 'tinker's curse' speech, from which it appears that this famous task was directed, not particularly at the middle classes, but against all who were not part of the 'organised workers' movement—which will not do anything to console those who supported it. His narrative is therefore lively and glorious, though he has little gift for characterising, and of the many names mentioned no character comes clearly through except that of Emanuel Shinwell. Even of MacDonald, with whom he worked closely and to whom he devotes a whole chapter, nothing fresh emerges to throw light on the beautiful, eloquent, 'bonhomie wonder' who did everything that one man could do to destroy his Party. Shinwell himself stands out in the round—an able organiser, clear-headed, tough, hard-hitting, not by any

means amiable or attractive, with no softness for those whom he thinks lazy or woolly-minded, and with a firm faith in socialism and equality which was forged on the Clyde fifty years ago, and has survived unimpaired the sweets and toils of office and the changed conditions of the post-war years. He has no use for the present 'nostalgic trend towards the Elizabethan Age of the sixteenth century, the accentuation of the past in traditional rigmarole and ceremony'; he believes that the Golden Age lies still in the future.

This should be a book of interest to the historian—the testament of a man bred in 'the old religion' of the Labour Party who has seen no reason either to abandon it or to despair.

The New Bedside Book: Peace at the Close. An Anthology by Arthur Stanley. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

The mood of this new Bedside Book is given by its subtitle, 'Peace at the Close'; a phrase which has been rather oddly arrived at by misquoting 'Richard II'. The keynotes are mellow-

ness, nostalgia, high seriousness: they explain, doubtless, why we do not get more of the Justice Shallow scene, though some other, much loftier excerpts, also seem unnecessarily and regrettably brief. But then no doubt it's the thought, as they say, that counts. The book is arranged in 'movements' to cover the span of human life and experience, like a Mahler symphony, which also helps to give philosophic solemnity to a few passages not in themselves very worthy. But the Bible and the classics are well represented, and, besides old friends, there are some very good things not often anthologised: Proust on time, Tolstoi on happiness, Schweitzer on the will to live, and some moving medieval extracts. A few 'moderns' have crept in and seem a bit surprised to be there, but there is no one who would be likely to upset the compiler's avowed and wholly admirable intent 'to keep our hearts high and fortify our minds'. It is to be hoped that some of the hundred thousand odd who will (judging by the success of its predecessor) buy this volume, will visit their libraries or, better, their bookshops, in search of some of the authors whose wisdom is crystallised here.

Pieces of Their Minds

The Spoken Word. Edited by Richard Church. Collins. 16s.

MR. RICHARD CHURCH making his anthology from twenty-five years of *THE LISTENER* is like a man with a house to furnish and the contents of a far vaster mansion which have been stored for many years to draw on. The final choices must be personal, just as they are with a house when there is so much that must be left behind and neglected in the store. Here, at any rate, is his selection, the work of a man of taste and proportion, fond of air and light. There are some massive pieces, but not too many, and plenty of lesser objects to deck his walls. At the outset the difficulty presented itself, how far should the back pages of *THE LISTENER* be used to illustrate the momentous public events of the last twenty-five years. To some extent obviously. *THE LISTENER* is itself a distillation from the microphone, and *The Spoken Word* from *THE LISTENER*, but in so far as this anthology is a record, not only of what has appeared in a weekly paper but of what the British public heard over the air, some notice had to be taken of what was going on in the world.

Early in the book we find the late Lord Lothian predicting in 1930 the coming national greatness of the United States; and to date the period for us and remind us how much has happened, he is talking then as though prohibition had definitely come to stay, partly because he personally hoped it had. Today it is a remote and curious memory. There are some more broadcasts, but here, while Sir Winston Churchill could not be left out and comes three times, the preference has been given to eyewitness accounts of moments of action, and if most of this is not very different from reprinted written journalism, it all serves to give the volume what Mr. Church intends it to have, what he calls an elegiac character: elegiac because television has since appeared to make sound radio no longer the latest wonder. It is all evocative, it meets the British love of the familiar; it will call up, as it is intended to do, memories of all the various places where listeners first heard these things said. (From that point of view Mr. Church could have been more evocative if he had drawn more from the Overseas B.B.C.)

But the special merit of the spoken word is its immediacy and intimacy. Print may carry more authority, at the price of being less per-

sonal, and to my mind the richest part of this anthology is the most personal—as when we find cherished figures no longer in the land of the living talking about themselves and from their experience, like George Robey describing what he enjoyed most in his life, revealing that he had written books not under his own name, speaking of his fondness for being alone. A voice but recently stilled, Lord Horder, talks excellent sense about children, in that summer of 1939 before evacuation problems were to make so many people consider for the first time how to treat the very young. What could be better than his reminder: 'When the child is still very young there is great value in categorical instruction without elaborate explanation. This advice is not very fashionable today but after all most of the explanations we give the supposedly enquiring child are incorrect and the rest are rarely understood. We are apt to think that we are dealing with the child's intellect, but in reality we are dealing with its emotions of which, with its feelings, its mind is still largely composed'? There is Lord Stamp, soon predestined to die in the blitz on London, asking another question that has lost none of its actuality in the intervening years: What good are economists? He makes a vigorous and robust counter-offensive, that without them we would have 'debased coinage, unwise banking, crazy credit, unsound public finance, trade crises all the time, tariffs worse even than today ruining the productive powers of the world under the guise of promoting the interests of little bits of it, attempts to make pint pots smaller and the quarts to go into them larger'.

I cite these pieces of wisdom from the grave to show that whoever browses in the pages of this book will find plenty to think about, even while its main attraction is as a discursive record. It provides the chance to hear once again parts of talks which made a vivid impact at the time, the dreary tedium of life at Queen Victoria's Court as known by a young page, Bertrand Russell's glimpse of the humanity of Sidney Webb offering biscuits to a handcuffed prisoner in a Dutch tram. Every now and then the past merges into the present. For many years to come we may hope Mr. John Betjeman will be handing out instruction and exhortation about

how to look at, and look after, our churches, towns and towers as he does here. There are even some talks which are very recent, like Sir Leonard Woolley on The Flood, which he gave two years ago though on experiences a quarter of a century before. This is one of the pieces reproduced at a satisfying length; tastes differ about this question how far what has been constructed and spoken as a unity is suitable for partial quotation, and Mr. Church has been at times too prompt with his scissors for me. An extract from Lady Bonham Carter's notable word-portrait of her father can only give a glimpse of him as she alone saw him, acting both as father and mother to a little girl. Things told in a talk to keep the proportions right are calculated to make a reader of the anthology anxious to go on reading what he then cannot find. In all this the anthologist of the spoken word has a more difficult task than the anthologist from books, who can quote a few cantos from 'Childe Harold' knowing that those who like it can easily find the full poem. Bound volumes of *THE LISTENER* are not so easily to hand.

But the anthologist has done his work well, produced something light and fresh and he has shown, as we would expect, a special interest in *THE LISTENER*'s own special interest in contemporary poetry. There is much of it in this book from the columns of the paper, the printed and not the spoken word. This is a tribute to a tradition which successive editors have been careful to maintain in times when it has become increasingly difficult for the young poet to print his work where it may meet discerning eyes. In his appreciation of Galsworthy in this volume Mr. St. John Ervine remarks very justly that Galsworthy pitied men and women too much. 'If he had known them better he would have pitied them less and have liked them more'. There is no sense that what has been chosen here is only what is fair and of good report. But because the sense of a large audience puts people on their mettle and on their best behaviour, the total result shows them in a very amiable light, speaking well of each other in both senses of the adverb, in what consequently adds up to a cheerful and encouraging book as well as an easy and diverting occasional volume.

DOUGLAS WOODRUFF

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Out and About

MY FEELINGS about television occasionally match those of the would-be set purchaser who, the salesman said, was interested 'right up to the time I switched the darned thing on'. Disappointment, frustration, anti-climax; those negative emotions befall a large proportion of one's viewing hours. Hail, then, Pirie, Norris, and Zatopek and the B.B.C. Outside Broadcasts for paying so handsome a dividend on our fairly substantial investment of time and patience. They made it easier for us to write off the bad debts and to adjust ourselves to the necessity for renewing our accommodation in terms of more tolerance, more goodwill. In the light of the broadened new scope of television, the disposition to do so may be less off-hand. Annotating a good evening, I report that the two-hour 'Sportsview' programme, divided between White City athletics and Wembley boxing, showed B.B.C. television to be unimpaired in the flexibility and resource called for by these extra-mural operations. The long programme gave us a succession of intelligible excitements, crowned by Pirie's triumph in the 10,000 metres race. The boxing between A.B.A. and Russian contestants also had its inexorable compulsions.

Apart from the intrinsic attraction of both events, it was a relief to be free for as long as two hours from the optical rhetoric of most studio programmes. Too consistently, much of what television does encourages the opinion that this is no revolution in values, that the pieces of the phantasmagoric pattern in general are the pert and snappy materials of popular journalism any time during the last half century. Paradoxically, it is a weakness of B.B.C. television that it does not more fully employ the trained editorial faculty. It perpetuates old, hackneyed values by giving production autonomy to immature minds. Hence the electronically processed *Tit-Bits* articles which appear so often on our screens. Twenty experienced editorial men and women from the best London and provincial newspapers could transform documentary television, imparting to it a know-



As seen by the viewer, in the series 'Look' on October 12: a hawk preparing to dive on its prey, and a squirrel feeding

John C.

ledge of life which exists only fugitively behind the grand façade of integrity and prestige. Almost alone at present, the outside broadcasting department reflects the television genius. It seldom incurs a charge of frivolity and contributes sparingly to the outflow of useless information which studio activities have certainly increased. 'Saturday-Night Out', last week, might not unfairly be cited as the exception which proves that rule. Some wives look and cook better than others. Some people live happily in houseboats. There is an institution called the Gas Council. If any viewer received from the programme more profound impressions his perceptions were remarkably keen.

No studio happening of last week was in the category of the unforgettable. Margaret Lockwood, film actress, suavely interviewed by Peter Haigh, posed a refreshingly non-simpering personality. She made more attractive viewing than the film excerpts which littered the programme. Interviewed, not suavely, by Frank Owen on the commercial screen, Hermione Gingold talked as if she might be witty at any minute, leaving us disappointed in that hope but none the less glad to have seen her. In television terms, she would have made a more beguiling chairman of the Labour Party conference at Margate than Edith Summerskill, whom the subsequent telerecordings presented as a forbidding figure of summary justice. That

conference was better served by the telerecordings than the Conservative Party affair at Bournemouth. At Margate the cameras secured a number of telling audience shots, some them in artfully selected close-ups.

The nature programme, 'Look', with Maxwell Knight presiding in Peter Scott's absence, gave great pleasure. While it was an affair of outside broadcasting, it was another affirmation of the wealth of good viewing still waiting to be used by producers who are resolved not to be studio-bound. Once again Heinz Sielmann, the German natural history photographer, placed before us the rewards of incredible patience and persistence which, earlier, had yielded his study of woodpeckers, one of the most remarkable nature films ever shown anywhere. His brown squirrels were hardly less irresistible to the eye, a delightful disclosure of the way of life of what in this country is a much diminished species. The film was stopped at intervals for informative talk between Maxwell Knight and Monica Short, who keeps squirrels as pets. She proved to be a highly sympathetic interpreter of their habits. Some of the charm of the film was supplied by a chorus of bird song and cuckoo calling in the woods; beautiful. In offending contrast, last week's 'Zoo Quest' was again disfigured by background music; childish. The leader of the expedition which produces these admirable programmes is Jack Lester of the London Zoo. I wonder, would he approve music in the reptile houses?

There was an excellent edition of 'Asian Club'; guest, Sir Ian Fraser, M.P., with blindness, his and other people's, a topic of question and answer which occasionally touched the sublime in their evocation of compassion as a world virtue. The new afternoon programme (between four and five o'clock) seem to be a justified experiment. Thanks no doubt to Ced Madden, who supervises them, the touch of far has been just right, with its accent on relaxation which can be absorbed also in information and instruction, if one is in the mood.

A rival television habit that pleases me, if one, is the late-night quiet piano music which accompanies announcements of the next day's programmes. I can manage without the announcements, but the music, often banal, prepares the mind pleasantly for rest, a kind of epilogue which many loyal B.B.C. viewers would undoubtedly appreciate.

REGINALD POUND



'Asian Club' on October 14: Kamila Tyabji (chairman) with Sir Ian Fraser, M.P., guest of the club

DRAMA

Home or Imported

HOME OR IMPORTED, ducks? asks the lady. I feel impartial. My eye wanders over the shelves loaded with cheesecake, ham, and corn. On the whole, I rather fancy exotic products. For instance, I think it a pity that we had no really close or prolonged study of the Japanese Kabuki dancers while they were over here. And at quite the other end of the scale I must say that I have greatly taken to Miss Joan Davis, whose series of comedy films 'I Married Joan' seems likely to continue for ever. This clownish blonde, so warm hearted and such a charming idiot, is very much of her own time and place: the American suburban civilisation. But one finds oneself joining in the predigested laughter which accompanies her antics. I thought this Sunday's efforts on her part to prevent her husband rejoining his 'class mates' at a college reunion admirably silly fun.

But what are we to make of the 'Amos 'n' Andy' films, also a full half-hour, also with predigested laughter in the right places? I suppose a very earnest person might object that the whole thing smells of Jim Crow and presents Negroes as a kind of lovable but sub-human species of gulls and dolts. The same might also be said of almost any so called 'Nigger Minstrel' show. But as in these films it is Negroes themselves who are playing the fool, I don't think the objection can be long sustained. Perhaps the ultimate effect is even good, in making white audiences see how all-too-human Negro conduct, even presented in this farcical light, may be.

Understanding is said to be the basis of tolerance and I may be barking up quite the wrong tree when I say I feel uneasy about the social effect of this kind of comic colour fantasy. The point is that now, for the first time in Britain, we have our own colour problem, and in the circumstances I think we might do without imported, predigested, and slightly tainted corn of the kind. I cannot imagine why the B.B.C. thinks it need televise the kind of rubbish we saw, at least, in the excerpt called 'Vive la France' which subtly, even if innocently, dishonoured a number of people. Here, in all innocence, no doubt, Andy was presented as courting a French girl (whose mother he inadvertently engaged himself to). The French ladies were also played by American Negroes (for, of course, had they been played by whites the situation would have been thought scandalously worthy of an X certificate). Sub-titles appeared when French was spoken and such was the speaking of it that they were most necessary. The notion that a French woman is in some way sexually 'easier' than other sorts of women was not wholly scouted.

This is a curious hangover from the 1914 war when the allied armies had commerce with French prostitutes—and is curiously paralleled today, when U.S. forces are stationed in Britain. Andy's amorous entanglements and efforts to learn French, from a Yiddish song book, seemed to tickle the unseen audience greatly. But must I think myself deficient in humour if I say that I couldn't see why we should be supposed to find it funny?

For a sorry example from the Home market there was the last of what hitherto has been quite a good series, 'As I Was Saying'. In this last yarn the author and his



A scene from Verdi's 'La Traviata' on October 10. Seated is Heather Harper as Marguerite Gautier, with Patricia Kern as Flora Bervoix (immediately behind her, third from left), Jess Walters as Georges Duval, John Holmes as Baron Duphol, and Thomas Round as Armand Duval

creatures committed inelegant hara-kiri, for the story-tellers downed tools as narrators and joined in the game, turning out to be master cops and robbers themselves. This artistic suicide, coupled with a story and acting which were feeble to a degree, recalled the unhappiest days of the quota quickie which so much discredited the British film industry in its day. Again, we should have gone without this gladly.

On the credit side this week one can count some pleasant band shows and the like and the start of a good-hearted and quite interesting saga of a cotton town written by Frank and Vincent Tilsley and given an excellent performance on Sunday. No one can help a pistol not going off! The victim did the right thing and lay down quickly: it's when he waits for the bang that will not come that we start laughing. At first, one may as well admit, the 1774 atmosphere had a musical comedy unreality. The rustics carousing to choruses from 'The Beggar's Opera', the wigs and the harpsichords, were too bad to be true, but very soon the fact that the play had something to

say and was backed with genuine feeling and observation and couched in a believable idiom began to work on our attention. Patrick McGoohan as Seth Makepeace, the young radical on the way up, soon established a character we could believe in. His mother, Marjorie Rhodes, and his bride, Clare Austin, were also credible, and I am sorry the last-named has been killed off so early (in childbed on the night of the Luddite riots, of course). But in this sort of saga, such characters often turn up again as their granddaughters—so I am hoping to see this agreeable lady again. I look forward to the next play in the series: there was something very genuine about this first one which I have not quite been able to put my finger on, but may later discover. Chloe Gibson produced. There were good secondary performances, too.

Later in the night Malczynski played Chopin with much feeling. He gains by being seen, having the right kind of sad, romantic mask for the task. The three mazurkas were desolately sad.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE



'The Ruthless Destiny' on October 16: Clare Austin as Mary and Patrick McGoohan as Seth Makepeace

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Rare and Strange

O RARE BEN JONSON! Rare indeed in the theatre, we used to say: no one would revive him. He has since had far better luck. And it may be that the success of R. D. Smith's revival of 'Every Man In His Humour' (Third) will make him less of a rarity on radio. The sharp London comedy, with its preface in which Jonson promises 'an image of the times', and not a rusty-sword fight over 'York and Lancaster's long jars', strikes up shrewdly from the text in spite of passages in which communication, of a sudden, can snap. Jonson fell in love with one or two characters. Although he was too conscientious not to fill out the others, we know very well, in performance, where his heart lay.

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adill, the Paul's man, himself a rusty sword if you prefer, a mildewed sergeant-major. He great fellow for the hollow brag. Pistol would have applauded him as a comrade: they would have sat together entranced, at 'The Spanish Gedy'. Although he says he is a man of words, he is amply loquacious when he speaks like it. Howard Marion-Crawford has served his Bobadills. It was a Jonsonian joy to listen to him as, anxiously, he fumbled about bricks for his tall stories: 'I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best league I ever beheld with these eyes, except the King-in-of—what do you call it?—last year, the Genoways'. Here is a—what do you call—a man of war so engaged that it is hard him to keep the battles in his mind. After all, Bobadill runs into semi-Falstaffian heroics: he expects those men in buckram suits to start all over the place.

Throughout, he is the best of company. On Sunday Mr. Marion-Crawford, with contagious pleasure, proved that he was one of the few actors able to say 'Pish!' as if he meant it, would like now to hear him try 'Tcha!', and even, at a venture, 'Pshaw!'). Later he careered off into the famous eulogy on tobacco—the pipe was a stage novelty in 1598—in which Bobadill claims to have lived for one-and-twenty weeks in the Indies with the taste of no other aliment but 'the fume of this simple'. Finally, before the inevitable thrashing, the man launches into grandly muddled mathematics. They show that, if need be, twenty trained woodsmen—trained by Bobadill, of course, except in the fencing jargon (*punto, reverso*, and so on) that Mercutio hated—could dispose, within two hundred days, of an army of forty thousand. It is hard not to like this fool in his special folly. He made the radio revival, though there were helpers: the much-disguised Brainworm, man of parts, of Derek Birch (we want to see the fellow in the theatre, where he would resemble a Cruikshank drawing); Georgeagan's foppish poetaster—Jonson had a special grudge against the amateur poet—the passionate Kitely of John Gabriel, and Oliver Martsonorous as Knowell senior, a part (it can be a dull one) some say Shakespeare played. Acted at speed as it was, the comedy, with its webbed 'criss-cross of 'humours', pelted away happily: we could forgive the barren patches, and Jonson's cardboard women, for the sake of Bobadill—'By the foot of Pharaoh!'—and, in a lesser degree, of Brainworm. And there was Anthony Jacobs to relish the prologue, and to link the acts with those couplers which the producer collaborated with Jonson and kept an eye on Shakespeare. I wonder if Mr. Smith can be persuaded to turn to 'The Apple of News': it could be good fun still.

It was strange to meet again Lillian Hellman's 'Watch on the Rhine' (Home): strange because the play, though the emotion of its last scene unrubbed and the dramatic frame is sound enough, appears now to be singularly dated. As a document, one that shows, in the portrait of Washington household and its refugees, how America could not remain detached from the sufferings of Europe, the piece has its niche in the 'Between Two Worlds' series. David H.odfrey produced it (Cynthia Payne's adaptation) with a plain sincerity, and the acting of Sebastian Shaw and Joan Miller (anti-Nazi and his American wife) and Austin Trevor (Romanian blackmailer) did a lot for the amateur. I thought Natalie Lynn was too rasping as the hostess.

'Take It From Here' (Light) and 'Ray's A Laugh' (Home), each back with us, have still to play themselves in again. Mr. Ray's three script-writers are a trifle tongue-tied as yet, though there was promise in a sketch netted in the words, 'This morning I took my brother-

in-law to the labour exchange; when I came back the bed had gone, and Richard Dimbleby was down a coal-mine'. In 'Take It From Here', which opened gummily, Jimmy Edwards did emerge in triumph from a Toy Town burlesque when he became—in his gritty-toast voice—a 'small elderly gnome called Big Mouth'. The ensuing five minutes were undoubtedly rare and strange.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Poetry Over the Air

THE WRITING OF A POEM is a complicated operation, for what the poet is trying to do is to translate a significant emotional experience into words that shall represent it as completely as possible. To do this he must use words not merely as labels but as living things with individual voices, shapes, and rhythms of their own and the power to suggest other things in the mind of the poet and his readers. Consequently the reading of a poem is also a complicated matter. The reader must grasp not only the immediate meaning of its words but their implications and emotive qualities and the sound and rhythm of the sentences which they form. To do this he must read it over several times. No wonder, then, that to listen to a poem for the first time is a strenuous job and one from which we get only a fraction of its full significance, a fraction all the smaller when we are listening to a broadcast.

Last week a spate of poems which, if not brand-new, were new to me, swept along the Third Programme, carrying me with it with my head not always above water. It began on Sunday with 'A Cycle of Four Poems', by Paul Dehn, inspired by four of Debussy's compositions. It was a help to be already acquainted with the music and to have Christopher Hassall and John Stephens as the readers. Not that the poems are difficult, but after a while the jostling crowd of bright images dazzle the mind of the listener as they would not do if he had the printed page before him. A vividly evocating phrase such as

the raindrops still
Navigate my window-sill

arrests his attention and when he pauses to savour it, as he would if reading, the two or three that follow it edge past him unnoticed. In fact I behaved throughout the readings like Atalanta in that famous race in which she came in second.

All the same, I got much pleasure from the programme, as I did next evening when Vernon Watkins read a selection from his own poetry, called 'Seven Elegiac Poems'. By rights short poems, like Mr. Dehn's four and Mr. Watkins' seven, on closely related themes and all by the same author, should be read one at a time if we are to appreciate them fully. When we hear them consecutively in one programme we fail inevitably to receive the full impact of all but the first. In a broadcast or public reading this generally cannot be helped, but in the case of Mr. Dehn's four poems an attractive programme which would provide a sufficient interval between each could be made by interleaving the readings with Debussy's four pieces. Mr. Watkins is a good reader and these elegies are good poems, but I felt a certain monotony in his reading of them and he might have increased our appreciation of them if he had changed the tone—or should I say the key?—of his reading as he passed from poem to poem.

Three evenings later I heard a new recording by W. S. Graham of his poem 'The Night-fishing', which like the others, was new to me. It was broadcast originally more than three-and-a-half years ago. It is a long poem, taking

exactly the same time as the other two programmes rolled into one, and Mr. Graham read it magnificently with a Scots accent that did it much greater justice than our clipped southern English would have done, but which now and then defeated me. It is an impressive poem of which I cannot claim to have fully grasped much more than its superficial meaning—the eloquent description of the trawler's setting out, the casting of the huge herring-net, the hauling in of the catch, and the return to port.

On Friday I caught up a programme I had missed on the previous Saturday, the first of a new series called 'Reading a Poem', in which a critic closely examines a single poem which is read before and after his performance. The poem was Cowper's 'The Castaway', the critic William Empson, and the reader Denis McCarthy. Mr. Empson seemed to be hard put to it to find anything to say about the poem and what he did say seemed to me without interest.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Modified Rapture

A WEEK WHICH BEGAN with 'Tannhäuser' from Bayreuth and ended with 'The Magic Flute' from Hamburg, also included visits to music festivals at Norwich and Swansea, and to the Festival Hall for the opening of the autumn season in London, besides the beginning of a series of Rubbra's symphonies from the Scottish studio. There's riches for you—on paper at least.

Wieland Wagner, who has lately shown us how Beethoven ought to have composed 'Fidelio', has in his latest production of 'Tannhäuser' proclaimed that he can teach his grandfather something, though not much. While retaining the Parisian Venusberg scene, he has restored the original full close to the overture, for no good reason that I can see. Wagner's revised version with its lead straight into the first scene is dramatically an improvement upon the original formal reprise of the Pilgrims' march, of which we hear quite enough before the evening is out. Young Herr Wagner has also restored a passage from the Dresden version in the second act and, *in diesen teuren Hallen!* has dared to cut—not much, but still something. Here is the thin end of the wedge, indeed.

By way, perhaps, of atoning for that unfortunate incident ninety-five years ago, André Cluytens went from Paris to conduct the performance, the first Frenchman, I imagine, to direct the orchestra at Bayreuth, I wish I could say that the result was a happy healing of old scars. But though the orchestra sounded lovely—the successive entries of the strings in the overture made one 'sit up'—the conductor's handling of it was wooden and unimaginative. The 'pulse of life' theme had saw-dust in its veins. However, he accompanied the singers well, and when Elisabeth (Gré Brouwenstijn) or Wolfram (Fischer-Dieskau) were singing, all was well. For both gave first-rate performances. Windgassen's voice sounded tight and colourless; and there was not much seduction in Venus' tone. Josef Greindl's Landgraf would have been excellent if he had not pinched his vowels in a way that made him sound like a provincial. The singers of two smaller parts deserve mention—Volker Horn's young shepherd and Josef Traxel's Walter.

The performance of 'Die Zauberflöte' marked the re-opening of the restored Hamburg opera-house. Much as I should like to join in the applause on such a happy occasion, the performance was hardly of a quality to arouse enthusiasm. It is not given to every opera company to command voices with a compass from F below the bass stave to F in *alt*. It is true



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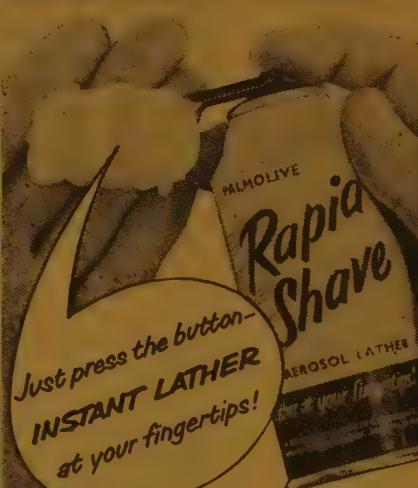


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hat these notes were produced (the high one a case of *proxime accessit*), but they were not produced with that ease which conceals the difficulty of the feat. Perhaps the Queen of the Light would have been happier if the conductor had not set so slow a pace for her second act aria, which is marked *Allegro assai*. But, then, early everything was taken too slowly, with the result that the opera dragged its length wearily. The best individual performance came from Anne Bollinger (Pamina), whose beautiful voice was used with real expressiveness. Rudolf Schöck sang well as Tamino, but Horst Günter's voice sounded coarser and less fresh than it did when he made such a delightful Papageno at the Edinburgh Festival three years ago.

Sir Malcolm Sargent and the B.B.C. Orches-

tra opened the London season with sterling performances of 'Macbeth', Strauss' not very successful essay in dark tragedy as distinct from pathetic tragic-comedy, Mozart's Pianoforte Concerto in C minor with Clifford Curzon, and Vaughan Williams' 'Job', after which they all whisked off to Swansea. The splendid performance of 'Job' was in the nature of a birthday-present to the composer, and it was good to hear the affectionate welcome he was given when he appeared to acknowledge the applause. The event was also marked on the evening before by a sensitive performance of the Mass in G minor sung by the B.B.C. Singers and Chorus under Leslie Woodgate.

Clifford Curzon has too long been absent from the 'Hearth', and it was good to hear once

more his performances of Mozart and Brahms (No. 2 in B flat). He commands the delicacy and subtlety for the one, and the enormous resources of technique and physical strength demanded by the other. Brahms' concerto was followed on Friday by a fine performance of Shostakovich's Tenth Symphony, an immense and uneven work, whose best moments are good indeed. On the previous evening Sir John Barbirolli and the Hallé Orchestra at Norwich, which seems to have found nothing new to put into its festival, revived Stanley Bate's Third Symphony, a remarkable work which rather falls down in the last movement. But it is fifteen years old, and we still await information about the composer's more recent symphonic activities.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

'The Apocalypse'

By SCOTT GODDARD

6.45 p.m. on Friday, October 28, and at 8.20 p.m. the following day (both Third)

EUGENE GOOSSENS the conductor has consistently overshadowed Eugene Goossens the composer. It is inevitable that it should be so. The imposing figure directing an orchestra and bowing from the rostrum, whether he be a Mahler, a Weingartner, a Furtwängler, or a Goossens, satisfies our immediate needs. It fills out our vision of the man and leaves room for little else. What do we know about the compositions of Weingartner and Furtwängler? If they were displayed before us we should give them the off-handed attention the majority of Viennese opera-goers gave to Mahler's symphonies, if indeed they troubled to go and hear them. Goossens first came before the public as the conductor of his master Stanford's opera, 'The Critic'. That was in 1916, and though already he had begun to lay the foundations of his other reputation as a composer, it was destined to take second place in popular estimation.

He was then producing works of a rich texture comparable to what was to be found chiefly in the scores of Richard Strauss, the composer who seems to have been a paramount influence, though the younger man was liable to weight his scoring more heavily and produce bigger complexities. Then Goossens' first meeting with Stravinsky's 'Rite of Spring' had instantaneous effect. From that there dates a new orientation in his manipulation of the orchestra. Great facility in orchestration, a result of his experience as an orchestral player (he was an expert violinist) and as a conductor, remained while the orchestra was henceforth to be used to express music more piquant in colour and more acutely accented.

At that time none of Goossens' music seemed specifically English in character, judged by the standard set by Vaughan Williams' work or even by that of musicians nearer to Goossens' outlook and methods, such composers as Bax, his senior by ten years and also an elaborate and abundant writer, or Bliss, almost an exact contemporary, the Bliss of 'A Colour Symphony'.

But the terms of reference in regard to the ancestry of British music have mercifully been allowed wide latitude. We easily include Handel and some say we might as well do as much with Mendelssohn. Room can safely be found for a Goossens, no less than for some of his equally exotic contemporaries, whatever the momentary canon of Englishness may be.

Nevertheless, Goossens remains a cosmopolitan and one not easy to label. His early chamber music, especially the shapely, shorter works, 'By the Tarn' and 'Jack o' Lantern' which form

the 'Two Sketches' (1916) for string quartet, suggested in the deftness and polish of the writing that France was his spiritual home. But the influence was not strong. Orchestral works appeared that were anything but French in style and the score of the opera 'Don Juan de Mañara' (1937, Covent Garden) was of a Straussian richness; if memory serves one aright, sometimes overpoweringly so.

That Goossens was aware of the risk his music ran because of the abundance of his invention and the elaborate manner in which he expressed the ideas that came to him is evident from what he tells of his work upon this opera. Arnold Bennett's book for 'Don Juan de Mañara' Goossens found to be what he calls 'a compact libretto'. (It was, in fact, a skilful playwright's libretto and not exactly operatic.) And he says, revealingly, that he came to realise that 'a too luxuriant flow of musical ideas might easily distort' the design: that is, Bennett's design. It is a sign of grace in any composer to realise the need for curbing luxuriance of ideas if they prove a menace to formal discipline and a clear design. Nevertheless though Goossens has seen the danger he has not completely escaped it. When his Second Symphony was heard here, at a B.B.C. Symphony Concert in the People's Palace in 1946, it revealed precisely that quality which seems inherent in his music, the pell-mell exuberance of ideas, the enviable abundance, at once his remarkable gift and his danger. One has, after all, to take a creative artist at his own valuation, so far as method is concerned. Goossens has chosen this particular technique of expression as the most suitable to his purpose. It has become habitual. It can be traced at work in his latest composition, 'The Apocalypse'.

For a composer endowed with a lively sense of the spectacular such as Goossens possesses, there must have been an irresistible inducement to gather material from the 'cumulative series of astounding visions in which colour, form, the sounds of musical instruments, and the tumultuous noises of storm and earthquake all unite to create an overwhelming impression of the final struggle between the embattled hosts of good and evil'. In that phrase from Edward Sutherland Bates' commentary the essential quality and character of the vision of John the Divine are made clear. The terrific details, what Goossens has described as the 'Apocalyptic highlights' of John's Revelation, the horrors of destruction and the no less startling emergence, from this welter of wars and plagues, of the Heavenly City, produce vivid pictures in the reader's mind. These literary visions are apt to

a musician's purposes since they lose nothing and may gain something by being expanded through the action of music's more leisurely processes. Vaughan Williams' 'Sancta Civitas' is one example. Others that come to mind are Handel's 'Israel in Egypt' and Walton's 'Belshazzar's Feast', two Old Testament stories that appear again in the Book of The Revelation.

The first thought of an oratorio based on John's apocalyptic vision came to Goossens during the early years of the recent war. He began to form a working perspective of the text in 1942 and during the next years the first sketches for the music were made. Actual composition began in 1950 and lasted three years.

'The Apocalypse' is in two parts. The first takes the narrative up to the point at which, the Three Trumpets having been sounded and the cataclysms and plagues loosed against the evil doers, the Four and Twenty Elders give thanks to God. This part of the oratorio has as its central episode the Ride of the Four Horsemen. As the first of the Seven Seals of the Book of Destiny is opened, the fateful act of opening is announced by a melodic figure of six notes; and as each succeeding seal is opened that same figure, raised each time a semitone, heralds the event. These successive unsealings are interrupted when, at the fourth, Death appears on his pale horse and the Four Horsemen ride across the heavens on their errand of destruction. Here is the most spectacular episode of the first part of the oratorio, a big expanse of highly coloured, pungently orchestrated music, with the addition of a chorus, partly wordless, partly repeating phrases from the narrative leading up to the Ride. This chorus can be, though for the full effect of the episode it manifestly should not be, dispensed with, according to the composer. He also draws attention to the quantity and complexity of the choral writing throughout 'The Apocalypse' and directs that to ease the protracted effort two separate and equal choirs be used.

The second part is preceded by an orchestral interlude which links the sections by referring back to the phrase used at the opening of the Seven Seals and the fanfare for each sounding of the Three Trumpets and proceeds then to announce the important theme that is to portray the Faith of the Saints and 'A new heaven and a new earth'. All this is to come after the great episodes of the Fall of Babylon and the Binding of Satan. 'And I John saw these things and heard them' is the end of the narration; upon which begins the final chorus 'Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth'.

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GREASE STAIN on wallpaper—if it is fairly recent—may yield to treatment with a paste made from French chalk and carbon tetrachloride. (Make it by an open window.) Smooth on to the stain, and leave it to dry completely; then brush it off. If the stain has not gone, try the treatment again. It is a good plan to conduct a preliminary experiment on an inconspicuous patch of wallpaper somewhere, because there is risk that this paste might affect the colours.

For peach, pear, or plum stains on, for example, white linen, sponge first with cold water; then gently rub in some hot glycerine. Leave it, overnight, or for several hours. Then drop on to the stain a few blobs of white vinegar. Do not let this acid stay on longer than two minutes. Rinse the material thoroughly, in plenty of clear cold water.

* * *

A listener has written: 'When are manufacturers in this country going to increase the variability of sizing of ready-made clothing including underwear, and of shoes, to a much greater range than at present obtainable?' I think the answer is that manufacturers increase the range of their products when they feel pretty sure there is a market for greater variety. It is up to us, as ordinary shoppers, to make it clear exactly what we want to buy. We shall not see a wider range of sizes if we meekly put up with what is offered, and go home to make tucks or gussets. But there are sizing discussions going on now between trade experts and members of the public. The work is being done through the British Standards Institution, which is

interested to know what we all feel about this sizing business. If you have any useful suggestions, send them along to the B.S.I., Park Street, London, W.1.

RUTH DREW

OVEN-FRIED FISH

My suggestion is oven-fried fish, which may sound a bit odd. I do not think I have ever talked to you about this very useful kind of cooking before. Oven-fried fish is a godsend to people who live in a flat or even in one room, for you do not get the smell of fried fish, or have to bother about all the paraphernalia of deep-fat frying, yet you get much the same result, nice, crispy-baked, crumbed fish which might just as well have been fried.

Fillets half an inch to an inch thick are best for this, or any small whole fish of about the same thickness—a whiting, for example. Dip them first of all in a teacup of milk mixed with a level teaspoon-and-a-half of salt, and then roll them in finely sifted, white breadcrumbs. Put the fish side by side in a greased or oiled baking dish, and sprinkle the oil or melted fat over them—a good tablespoon for each pound of fish. Put the dish into a very hot oven and bake quickly for about ten minutes.

For a simple apple dish, peel some apples, core, and cut into thin slices. Put them into a buttered fireproof dish, with sugar and little dabs of butter between the layers, and put the dish into a moderate oven until the top is lightly browned. A tiny pinch of powdered cinnamon can be added to each layer, if you like, and you really ought to use butter for the taste, especially if you do not add the cinnamon.

AMBROSE HEATH

Notes on Contributors

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COMMANDER SIR STEPHEN KING-HALL (page 635): M.P. (Ind. Nat.) for Ormskirk Division of Lancashire, 1939-1945; founder of National News-Letter and the Hansard Society; author of *The Communist Conspiracy*, etc.

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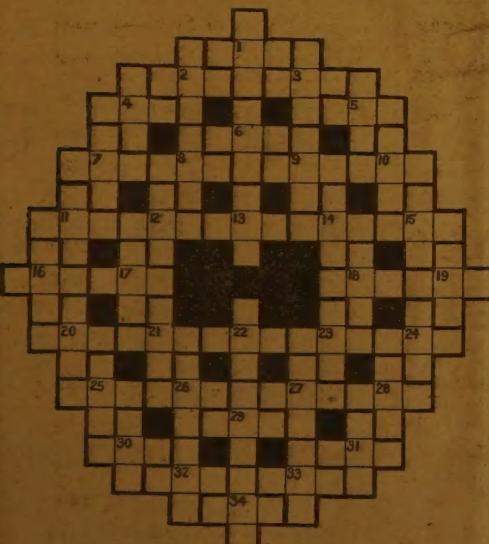
EDWARD MILLS, F.R.I.B.A. (page 648): architect; has made a special study of industrial building in America and on the Continent

J. M. COCKING (page 660): Professor of French Language and Literature, London University

Crossword No. 1,329. Nought but Crosses. By Vectis

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, October 27. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.



Each clue, which serves a cross of the diagram, points to a five-lettered word. Each letter must be fitted into a square of its cross so that the letters bordering it on the other side of a thick line are all adjacent to it in the alphabet. (For this purpose, A and Z are considered to be adjacent.)

When two letters of a cross are such that they may be transposed without contravening the previous rule, the following must be observed: the letter coming first in the alphabet must be entered in the square nearer the centre of the diagram.

CLUES

1. All together, musically
2. Indian humped oxen
3. Military hat
4. Sudden fright
5. Stood opposite
6. He was asked to spare a dime
7. Destroy
8. Criterion
9. Gambled
10. Pigtail
11. Surrendered
12. Shells
13. Stinging thread-cell of certain animals
14. In heraldry, one of the ordinaries
15. Expel
16. Temptress
17. Strand
18. Short treatise
19. He was responsible for me being dogless

20. Favourite confection of a Thomas Moore family?
21. Given to crotchets
22. Heavy inert gas of the atmosphere
23. Trumps
24. Footprint
25. Electro-magnetic unit of capacity
26. In music, middling
27. 'There swims no — so grey but soon or late She finds some ... for her mate'—Pope
28. Charred candle-wick
29. British coin
30. Fielding's lady of loose morals—silly bird!
31. Goblin
32. North American tree
33. Shrewd
34. Declined

Solution of No. 1,327

R	A	V	E	L	W	E	I	N	B	E	R	G	E
T	I	R	E	L	A	N	D	U	A	S	I	N	C
M	E	R	G	E	R	A	D	A	R	S	M	A	N
S	O	D	A	F	U	L	A	G	E	M	A	P	
K	E	I	R	W	O	F	F	E	R	R	A	R	I
Y	K	S	N	I	V	A	T	S	G	R	I	E	G
K	Y	E	N	R	A	B	L	I	S	S	E	O	H
O	T	L	A	E	C	N	A	R	O	N	G	T	L
R	O	E	M	I	N	I	M	O	G	A	E	T	A
S	I	C	U	G	R	E	B	S	I	B	R	O	L
A	G	T	H	R	A	L	E	T	Y	E	L	U	L
K	A	Y	C	A	R	S	R	I	N	E	D	O	H
O	D	O	S	A	G	E	T	N	E	G	O	X	E
V	A	U	G	H	A	W	I	L	L	I	M	M	A

Halefiax apologises for errors in 1D. and 43U.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: Miss D. M. Peacock (Leeds); 2nd prize: B. G. Smallman (London, W.5); 3rd prize: M. A. Anderson (Midhurst)

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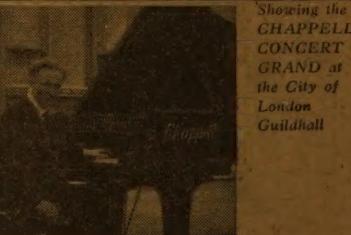
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